Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 40.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.'s favors have been received, if the drawing can be copied upon wood, one shall be forwarded to him.

The favor of R. P. will receive the earliest attention of the Editor upon his return, which cannot be protracted a week longer.

The individual who made application to us for a situation as gardener, will oblige us with his terms, &c. There is an opening for him in Kentucky.

Several communications are unavoidably postponed this week.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

Democracy in America.—We have received from the publisher, George Adlard, the third American edition of the great work of De Tocqueville upon the institutions of this country, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. When first published, these columns bore sincere though feeble testimony to the value of the work. It is incomparably before any treatise extant, in presenting the strong and peculiar features of our institutions—discussing the origin of our political ideas, their gradual developement and their tendency. Those most familiar with the civil history of the United States will very often be surprised by the original aspect in which this writer presents our peculiarities. He regards them from a vantage ground which a citizen cannot, without aid, attain; and he has studied them with a minuteness and fidelity which could not have been expected in a foreigner.

His view of our system is comprehensive and almost perfect, and yet he looks upon the establishment of democratic institutions in this country but as a step in the steady advance of similar ideas and institutions throughout the world. His speculations upon the forward movement of liberal ideas and free systems of government—of democracy in fact—are wonderfully interesting, solemn and impressive. In these columns, a further notice of such a book would be out of place, but we cannot do less than thus commend a treatise so clear and philosophical.

The present is an octavo edition of 450 pages, retaining the notes of the original editor, the Hon. John C. Spencer, (which are now inserted in the body of the work) with additional notes, and "a few verbal alterations by another hand." We commend it to every gentleman who desires a perfect insight into the institutions of the country, and the attitude which they occupy in the eyes of foreigners, sagacious and philosophical.

The Daguerreotype.—M. Gourand, a French artist, has come out to this country for the purpose of exhibiting the famous discovery of M. Daguerre, of engraving by means of rays of light alone. It is a marvellous process which had been brought to some perfection in Scotland, contemporaneously with M. Daguerre; but he has completed the invention, and given his name to the art. M. Gourand gave artists and editors an opportunity on Tuesday last, of examining some fine proofs of M. Daguerre, before opening the exhibition to the public. Being unfortunately detained therefrom, we can only announce M. Gourand's arrival, and assure our readers that the invention which he designs to exhibit and explain, is esteemed in Europe one of the most curious of modern times. English and French papers for several months past, have been filled with accounts of the progress and ultimate triumph of M. Daguerre in his ingenious labors. A more full explanation will hereafter be given of the process, and its results, in these columns.

Death of Dr. Holland.—With unaffected grief have we learned, since our last, of the death of this estimable gentleman. The elegance and amenity of his manners, his scholarship, the refinement of his tastes, and his warm, generous heart, had endeared him to numerous friends. Dr. Holland was formerly the joint-editor of the "Standard" with Mr. Mumford, and subsequently of the "Times" with Mr. Sanford—par nobile fratrum. The amiable qualities of his mind were unsuited to the acerbities of political warfare, and his position was therefore unfortunate for his happiness and his fame. In social and literary circles was he in his true element, and there

"None named him but to praise!"

The season of lectures has commenced in New York, and the fashionable attendance upon them speaks volumes for the awakening taste of our citizens. It is only within two or three years, that an audience could be drawn together by the most distinguished scholar. Now lectures are thronged.

The purpose of this paragraph is to call attention to the course which Mr. Simmons is now delivering at Clinton Hall, upon Shakspeare—analysing his several great plays. The elocution of the lecturer is, we are assured, chaste and elegant, and his recitations inimitable; of his taste and ability worthily to expound and illustrate his high theme, we can speak from personal knowledge.

Aids to Reflection—This is the title to a work of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by his nephew. There is prefixed to the present edition, a Preliminary Essay by Professor McVickar, of this city. This book we well recollect in our boyish days, when Professor Marsh prefixed the preliminary essay. His essay was another *pons asinorum* of the juvenile metaphysicians, yclep'd sophomores. Since those days, we have not been blessed with leisure for pursuits so abstract, and therefore will only say of this, that it is a neat edition of 325 pages 12mo., published in London by William Pickering. and in this city by Swords, Stanford & Co.

The Sea Captain.—Turner & Fisher have issued an edition of Bulwer's new play of "The Sea Captain," uniform with their "Dramatic Library of Acting Plays." The London edition was dedicated to Lord Durham. The play was successful upon the stage the first night, but was cut up by the press. It is not likely to be attempted here, until we hear further news of a favorable run in England.

Editorial Misery.—Some of our contemporaries, who had chartered all the steam-boats and rail-road cars between Washington and "down East" to bring on the President's Message, *are said* to have been "bit." The common idea is that the message aforesaid was not delivered at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, but that in place thereof, the House of Representatives were enacting a piece of Tom and Jerryism in advance of the usual days of performance. This result is much to be deplored, as a goodly number of printers, and poor printer's devils, were kept waiting in vain, and (which claims still stronger sympathy from us) several Editors, who had thought themselves supplied with copy and material for articles, were compelled, incontinently, to betake themselves to their brain for a fres supply.

Of all solemn, awful sounds yet chaunted, mayhap this word "copy" is the most fearful, the most soul-crushing. Would you enjoy a generous glass with the friend of your youth—you scarce have caught the hue of the flowing juice, as it reddens in the wine-cup, ere a croaking, ill-boding voice at your elbow, startles you into misery, with its hideous "copy," "copy." Are you yielding up your soul to the illusions of poetry or romance over the pages of a favorite author—again is your paradise invaded and your spirit recalled from its joyous wanderings by the fell echo. In your business—in your pleasures—in your rides, or drives, or walks—sleeping or waking—the image of that copy-boy, (poor innocent!) with his ceaseless, his sad monotonous cry, haunts you, or bodily pursues.

In death, one may look for relief, but as we have no idea of meeting the grim monster for some time yet, we had better resign ourselves to the sad fate, and stop the little wretch's mouth for the nonce, by stuffing this bit of copy therein.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The "Liverpool" arrived on Thursday evening, bringing London dates to the 15th ult., and Liverpool to the 16th. The effect produced by the intelligence of the failure of the United States Bank was far slighter than had been anticipated—a two days' wonder, no more. It was firmly believed that the New York Banks would be compelled to succumb, of which there is not the least danger.

England was disturbed by Chartist riots, and the papers are full of the trials of the revolutionists. Cotton has improved, and prices were firm. This is about all the news brought of serious moment.

The marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert would seem to be determined upon definitely. He returns to the Continent, but revisits England in March, and the "happy couple" are to be united in May. He is said to be a fine-looking man, unaffected and clever; this looks promising, tho' breeders of experience would recommend a different cross.

Mrs. Webster will return to us in the "Mediator," the packet of the 1st inst. About the middle of January we may look for him with his family.

A great banquet has been given to the Earl of Eglintoun, at Irvine, by his guests of the Tournament. We hope to find room for his Lordship's speech on the occasion.

The sporting news brought by the "Liverpool" is of little moment. *Crucifix* did not start for the £50 Stake in the Houghton meeting, but her owner won it with *Capote*. *Grey Milton*, likewise the property of Lord George Bentinck, ran second, and could have won it easily, say the reporters, had he not declared to win with Capote. This account gave the grey (brother to *Grey Momus*) a lift in the betting, which drew from Lord B. the following notice, which was posted at Tattersall's on the 11th ult.:—

"Lord Geo. Bentinck, seeing that Grey Milton has become a great favorite in the betting for the Derby, declares that, unless he has reason to think much better of him than he does at present, it is not his intention to run him for that race, but to reserve him for engagements which he has a more reasonable chance to win."

This at once increased the odds against him, and checked the speculations. *Wardan* is now first favorite for the Derby, 17 to 1 being the latest odds about him which we have seen quoted. He is by Glencoe, out of Margilina, by Whisker. He has won all the 2 yr. old engagements for which he has started. The Glencoes generally have ran with great success this year, as have the Emancipations. We have not received a complete list of winners this year, but as far as we have received (to the letter M), the following are the results, so far as imported horses are concerned:—

Belshazzar has gotten	.....	1	winner	.....	1	prize
Cetus " "	.....	3	"	.....	6	"
Emancipation "	.....	7	"	.....	21	"
Glencoe " "	.....	3	"	.....	6½	"
Lapdog " "	.....	1	"	.....	2	"
Margrave " "	.....	4	"	.....	6	"

For the remainder of the alphabet we have not time to anticipate the English papers, by personally preparing a list of winners. But so far as the performances of the two year olds go, no imported horse, other than those named above, and *Priam*, has got winners in England. In Ireland, the Skylarks have been out in force, and won several stakes. The two year old Priams have not run well, save only the great *Crucifix*, who has won every stake, save the last, for which she has started. For that she made a dead heat with Gibraltar, (a Muley, out of Young Sweet Pea, by Godolphin) whom she had previously beaten for the Clearwell Stakes. Crucifix would have started for another engagement in the Houghton Meeting, "but was reported to be a little off with a sore mouth."

The performances of the English two year olds, we intend giving so soon as the state of our columns will admit.

Of the English getters of winners, so far as we are at present informed, those most successful have been *Emilius* and *Langar*. After these come *Actæon* and *Defence*. The *Plenipos* have not answered expectation. It may be several weeks ere we shall be able to give more ample detail under this interesting head.

The difficulty between Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Somers has been determined at last, though little to the satisfaction of the former gentleman, or of the press. The "finale" is thus given in Bell's Life.

"On Monday, the 4th of Nov, at Tattersall's, Mr. Wakefield paid the sum of £300 to Mr. Somers's order, in obedience to the decision of the Jockey Club, but at the same time publicly expressed his dissatisfaction at their award. A correspondent has called our attention to a point in this case with which we were not previously acquainted; it appears that Mr. Wakefield, in addition to an order on Mr. Somers for £100, a turf debt of considerable standing, holds certain stamped strips of paper to which that gentleman's name is attached, and with which he, of course, intended to settle the amount awarded against him; but, no—he was compelled to pay in money! Surely this was not exactly consistent with justice."

The Stewards of the Jockey Club, have decided another question in which poor Harkaway is concerned.

A bet of 500 even, between Harkaway and the field, for the Doncaster Cup, disputed on the ground, that as the horse was not entered it could not be P P, was heard at Newmarket on the 1st of Nov., before the stewards, who decided, that as the custom at Liverpool and Manchester was to bet P.P., the backer of the field was entitled to the £500.

The Jockey Club had been compelled to make the following alterations in the laws. It may be worth while to quote them as precedents.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held on Wednesday in the Houghton Meeting, the following resolutions were passed:—

"That in case any objection to the qualification of a horse on the ground of incorrect pedigree or nomination be made before the race is run, the stewards shall have the power of ordering that the settlement on such race shall be suspended until the objection shall have been investigated; but if any such objection be made after the race, it shall not affect the bets, which must go with the horse that comes in first, provided that he is of the right age, and not otherwise disqualified by the laws of racing"

That Rule 44 of the Jockey Club should stand as follows:—

"Every person who shall ride for a race at Newmarket shall be weighed immediately after the same, and shall be allowed 2 lbs. above the weight specified for his horse to carry, and no more, unless the weight he actually rode be declared as the weight he intended to ride; and if any horse shall carry more than 2 lbs. above his weight without a declaration having been made by the jockey or the owner of the horse, or by his servant, to the steward or keeper of the match book, at least one hour before the time fixed for the first race of the day, then such horse shall not be considered the winner of the race, even though he should come in first, but shall be placed as the last horse in the race, and his owner shall pay the stake as for a beaten horse; and whether the horse came in first or not, the jockey shall be fined £5 for his neglect, and shall not be allowed to ride in a public race at Newmarket until the said fine be paid."

That Rule 37 concerning "horse racing in general," be repealed, and the following substituted:—

"A horse walking over, or receiving forfeit, except for a match, shall be deemed a winner."

"That all forfeits or money paid on compromising any match or sweepstakes shall bona fide be entered in the day book, in order that all betters may ascertain in what proportion they are to pay and receive."

"That no rule, or alteration of a rule of the Jockey Club, shall take effect till it has been published in the Racing Calendar, unless specially ordered to the contrary at the time the said rule or alteration is adopted."

It is in contemplation to have a Suffolk Stakes on the same principle as the Cambridgeshire Stakes, to be run for in the second Spring Meeting. It will be proposed, in the course of the Spring, to reduce the three October Meetings into two, so that they may terminate earlier in the year than hitherto.

Mr. Shelley has sold Adah to go to France, and Mr. Hornsby, Romania, to go to Germany. Mr. Wilson's Louisa is also sold to Mr. F. Beresford for the Duke of Brunswick. Mr. Boyce has purchased Primefit of Mr. Elwall for 340 guineas.

Mr. H. Hicks has hired D'Egville and Defender to "officiate" as stallions.

On Thursday, in the Houghton Meeting, a match, which afforded the highest amusement to "a select few," was decided at a very early hour in the morning—not in the broad daylight indeed, on the heath, but by gas light in the High-street. The competitors were Captain B., of steeple-chase celebrity, and a Mr. H. of the Haymarket; distance, 100 yards; the stakes, £10 a side. Both went up to the starting-post, near the corner of the Market place, as fresh as larks. The Captain's supporters were very sanguine, and they backed him freely at 2 to 1. The handkerchief of the judges being duly stretched, the start was effected without a single dodge. The Haymarket gent jumped off with the running at a slashing pace, was never headed, and won easily.

With more leisure to examine our files, something else worthy of note, in the sporting world, may turn up. But the papers do not indeed look interesting. The following performance is recorded in the "Morning Post" of the 12th ult.

Grand Foot Race for One Hundred Guineas.—The great foot race, for £50 a side, between Townshend and Mountjoy, the veteran pedestrians, took place yesterday, and was one of the finest pedestrian struggles ever witnessed. Its sporting interest was of the first order, and the attendance even greater than the anticipated excellence of the sport and the exceeding fineness of the weather would have induced persons to expect. It was a straightforward *bona fide* transaction, and betting was exceedingly brisk at 5 to 4 on Mountjoy. The Swiss Tavern, St. John's Wood, was chosen as head-quarters, and the task performed on a half mile piece of ground on that road. The distance was such as would try the stamina of any man. It was to walk twenty miles, run one mile, walk a mile backwards, run a hoop one mile, wheel a barrow one mile, and pick up forty stones, one yard apart, by the mouth. The start took place just before twelve o'clock, in the presence of some hundreds, amongst whom were many of the leading sporting men of the day. The start was slightly in favor of Mountjoy. He did the half-mile about four yards in advance of his opponent, and came up to the starting post (a mile) ten yards before Townsend, and in nine minutes ten seconds. Mountjoy continued to gain, and completed six miles in 59 minutes, having increased his lead upwards of three hundred yards. Mountjoy, at the conclusion of twelve miles, done in two hours and three minutes, headed his adversary by two minutes and a half, and betting was high in his favor. Mountjoy finished the twenty-mile walking in three hours thirty-five minutes and a half, and the veteran three minutes later, on a very heavy road. Mountjoy then ran his mile in about eight minutes and a half, and Townshend, although behindhand, occupied about the same time.—Mountjoy then walked a mile in thirteen minutes and a half, and his opponent occupied half a minute less. Mountjoy was now weak; the mile backwards made a wonderful alteration in the struggle, and was accomplished by Townsend in thirteen minutes and a half, being nearly two minutes and a half less than that occupied by Mountjoy. Trundling the hoop was the next operation, and although Mountjoy first commenced this, Townshend passed him, and for the first time in the match had the lead. Townshend finished wheeling the barrow, and had picked up several of the stones before his opponent began.—Townshend had executed (a winner) the whole of this arduous performance when his adversary had ten or twelve stones to pick up.

The men were immediately taken to bed and rubbed, to prevent the effects of cramp.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

Our low comedians have generally been guilty of attempts to pass over the bounds that separate representation from social intercourse. Quick often did it; Edwin followed his example. Munden notoriously, and Liston and Reeve—the latter especially—frequently committed such acts of bad taste. When John Reeve was acting Bombastes, at Bristol, upon being stabbed by Artaxominous, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, is it sir?" A bald-headed gentleman, who took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom Reeve directed his glance, replied, "I really can't say, for I don't fence."

Foote, the Comedian.—An acquaintance of Foote, the Comedian, called upon him one day in a new carriage, and earnestly entreated him to step outside and look at it; "For," said he, "I have it upon a new plan." "Have you?" said Foote. "I am afraid, before I see it, you have it on the old plan." "Ah! how is that?" exclaimed the other. "Why," replied Foote, "never to pay for it."

Mrs. Jordan.—When Mrs. Jordan applied to Tate Wilkinson for an engagement, he asked her what line she chose; whether tragedy, genteel comedy, low comedy, opera, or farce; she answered, to his great astonishment, *all*.—Though he much doubted such versatile talents, he promised her a trial, and she was announced for *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent*, with songs after the play, and *Lucy* in the *Virgin Unmasked*; all which she accomplished, to the no small delight of the manager.

Hospitality.—"T——," said a traveller, "is one of the finest fellows I know. He exhibits *real hospitality*. He not only has a plate ever ready for any of his friends, but he sends a horse to your door whenever you wish to ride." "That, indeed," replied another, is real *horse*pitality."

Mr. Cornwall Baron Wilson has published the Life of the Duchess of St. Albans.

THE PYRENEAN HUNTER;
OR, WILD SPORTS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY THE HON. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.

WOLF-HUNTING IN THE LANDES.

It is very seldom that the wolf is met with in the Pyrenees. The bear and the izard (the chamois of these mountains) seem to hold undivided possession of their fastnesses, and are in truth (with the exception of the bouquetin, which is sometimes, but very rarely, found among the wooded hills of Spanish Navarre) the only animals of the chase which the chasseur of the Pyrenees pursues. When, however, the winter storms have driven the flocks from the higher pastures into the valleys, a solitary wolf may now and then be found skulking among the *coteaux* in their vicinity; but so scarce are they, that, though sometimes shot by the peasants, whom their depredations have informed of their "whereabouts," it is not among the Pyrenees, nor in their immediate neighborhood, that wolf-hunting can be enjoyed.

In several of the French departments, however, wolves are both numerous and destructive, and there wolf-hunting is sufficiently excitfng as to rank after bear and izard-hunting among the wild sports of the south of France.

Every one knows that the department of the Landes is that vast tract of country which extends along the Bay of Biscay from the mouth of the Garonne to the Adour, and from Bayonne almost to Bordeaux. That portion of this department to the south of Dax, Mont de Marsan, and Roquefort, presents a numberless succession of undulations covered with vines or copsewood, and surrounded by the little meadows which the industry of the inhabitants, almost all of them proprietors of a few arpens of land, has, by the assistance of a neighboring brook, reclaimed from the otherwise barren heath. The remainder, and by far the largest portion of the Landes, is, however, of a very different character. Great tracts of heath or sandy downs, interspersed with forests of pine and beech, cover its surface. So inhospitable a region is but thinly peopled. The villages and hamlets within its bounds are situated upon the banks of the streams or lakes, and so far apart from each other, that it is no uncommon circumstance for the sportsman to have had a long day's walk, and a tolerably good day's shooting, while merely taking the nearest path from one village to another.

In these great plains, districts, twenty miles in extent, are scarcely ever disturbed except by the flocks which at particular seasons wander over them; and, although almost every Landais carries a gun, still so much of their time is occupied in knitting their own or their families' stockings, and in attending to their flocks, that this department may be considered one of the best in France for a sportsman. He must, however, be one of the right sort,—one who sets little value on the luxuries of life, and can cheerfully submit to privation of every kind, so long as he can find employment for his "Manton" or his "Purdie."

In this wild and pastoral country wolves are as numerous as in any part of France, and frequently commit great depredations among the flocks. The Landais have several methods of destroying them Trapping is not unfrequently practised; but the method in most favor is by a *battue* at which all the male peasantry of the canton assemble. Three or four hundred individuals are on such occasions collected together, and the spectacle which is then presented is one which can be seen nowhere but in the Landes.*

My friend G—— and I were at Mimizan, one of the most antique and curious little towns in the Landes, and which is threatened at no distant period to be engulfed in the sands, which have already choked up its ancient port, when we received the welcome intelligence that a great wolf-hunt was to take place on the following Monday, near the village of Onesse, some three or four leagues off. Having spent the evening in fishing in the Etang d'Auroillan, we returned to our quarters to prepare for our departure on the next morning.

To avoid the heat, for it was now the month of July, we were early astir, and few of the villagers had yet found their way to the chapel (it was Sabbath morning) as we passed by its massive porch. The Landais are a very superstitious people, perhaps the most so of the numerous and distinct tribes which are clustered round the Pyrenees. Their religious observances, their ceremonies, and their fetes, which their comparative ignorance and separation from the rest of the world have preserved in all their pristine characters, are of frequent occurrence. Some of them are ludicrously absurd, while others, from their originality, are by no means uninteresting to the stranger. As good fortune would have it, we reached the village of Onesse just in time to be present at one of these fetes peculiar to the Landes.

The service in the chapel being over, the whole of the parishioners, to the number of two or three hundred, were assembled in the open space in front of the place of worship. The elder of both sexes were seated on the ground, forming a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other. The young people were scattered around this circle in couples, holding each other's hands, and dancing to the sound of the by no means musical voice of an old man, who was elevated on a heap of stones. The air, if it was really meant to be an air, which the old gentleman was croaking, had no cadence in it to which the dancers could keep time. Indeed, the dance itself seemed nothing more than a rapid inflection of the arms and legs, without any regard to measure,—what G—— very appropriately styled a regular romp. The curate and the notary, spectators like ourselves of the scene, and who had been observing with much attention the varions movements of the dancers, now whispered to us that several marriages were about to take place; and on our asking our informants by what means they ascertained this, we were told that they had perceived certain pressures of the hands. which were an infallible sign of the intention of the parties. Accordingly, shortly after, three of the young couples successively left the dancers, a little *apparent* reluctance being shown by the fair one to follow her partner, which we supposed was only a necessary part of the ceremony. Once clear of the assemblage, they stood still regarding each other very attentively for a moment, and whispering a few words; then bestowing on each other a hearty slap, (very probably equivalent to saying "all was right,") they ran off to join their parents, and to tell the old folks "*qu'ils s'agreaient*," (that they had agreed,) the expression used on such occasions, and that they had determined to marry. The parents (unlike those "cruel parents" in other countries) invariably reply that they consent, since the young people *are agreed*.

This little parley having taken place, the curate and the man of law were both summoned to the presence, and the day at once fixed for the drawing of the contract, the bestowal of the nuptial benediction and the celebration of the marriage.

The Maire of the village was an acquaintance of our guide Pierre, and in his house (somewhat superior in accommodation to the other huts in its vicinity) we took up our quarters. The cottages of the peasantry of the Landes are by no means comfortable abodes. They are in general damp, have but a solitary fire-place; and the little chambers, or closets, which contain the sleeping-places of the various members of the household, are but very indifferently partitioned off from each other; while the imperfect construction of the whole frame-work renders them as intolerably hot in summer as they are cold in winter. As long, however, as we had enough to eat and drink, G—— and I cared very little under what sort of roof we were housed, more especially as at that season of the year we could have bivouacked in the open air with perfect safety, and perhaps with more comfort to many of our senses

Our host was in all respects, but in that of his rotundity of person, a veritable Gascon. All that he had ever done or said was vastly superior to what any one else could accomplish. The sandy plains of Aquitaine were, in his eyes, a perfect paradise, and all the world could not produce such "brave gens" as the (generally speaking) half-starved unhealthy-looking race who dwell on them. The necessity of our being up betimes the next morning excused our late attendance on his worship; but long after we had retired to our couch of dried maize-leaves we could hear the little man, whom the thoughts of the morrow's *chasse* had rendered perhaps more than usually loquacious, instilling into Pierre anecdote after anecdote of his triumphs over the wolves.

At day-break we were called by Pierre. Our toilet was soon completed by the burnside, and having despatched our breakfast, the principal articles of which were drawn from our own game-bag, we started for the place of rendezvous. From the difficulty of walking in the sands, the inhabitants of the Landes make use of stilts four or five feet in height, which they call *sangues*, and which are fastened to the leg with thongs, sufficient room being left for the knee to bend slightly. These they use with great agility, and the length of the stride which the Landais takes when mounted in this manner enables him to move along very rapidly, many of them being able to go as fast as a good horse can trot. By means of the elevation which the shepherd in this manner attains, he sees his flock much more perfectly; and when he wishes to rest. he fixes his long staff in the ground, and leaning against it, works away with his knitting-needles, without which he never stirs from home.

The little Maire, mounted on his *sangues*, led the way, his long-barrelled fowling-piece slung behind him. His spirits seemed not in the least calmed by his night's rest, and his boasting was, if possible, redoubled. In addition to his being a perfect hero in a wolf-hunt, as he had proved to us the preceding evening, no one could step out as he could on the *sangues*. Then he was the best dancer and musician in the district; in short, by his account, a paragon of perfection. G—— hinted that we had been too long in Gascony to believe all that was told us; and we did not doubt that before nightfall we should get some of his conceit shaken out of him.

Our host's impatience had made us earlier afoot than others who were to join in the sports of the day, so that, on our arrival at rendezvous, we found ourselves among the first who had come up. We could not, however, regret the circumstance, as it gave us an opportunity of regarding the various groups as they came racing in from all quarters. Every one being mounted on *sangues*, the appearance of the parties as they came in sight was extremely singular. Those at a distance seemed moving along high above the surface of the ground, and without any visible support; while others, surmounting a sandy knoll, continued to ascend long after the whole of their person had appeared above it. Some wore the sombre-colored cloak and narrow-crowned hood, out of which it was almost ludicrous to behold a young face peeping; others wore their sheepskin jackets with the wool outside, some black, some white, and all of the strangest cut imaginable. There were evidently no tailors in the Landes, and each peasant manufactured for himself.

We were regularly introduced to the various little bands as they came up, all of whom had their particular tale to tell of the destruction which the wolves had lately made among their own or their neighbors' flocks, and many were the *sacres* which they bestowed on the rogues during the recital. Our spirits rose with each successive account of the numbers and ferocity of the animals; so that by the time the various arrangements had been completed, our force divided into sections, each under the orders of an appointed chief, we were all anxiety for the encounter. The manœuvres for the day being at last explained and understood, we were marched off to our different stations.

G—— and I were attached to the Maire's company, and every one being *mounted* but ourselves and Pierre, we found it rather fatiguing work to keep up with our party as they trotted over the downs, while our leader, as we now and then waded over a sand-hill, expatiated on the great merits of the *sangues*; and as if to convince us still more forcibly of our want of education in not being able to use them, the old rascal stepped out the faster, our associates considering it a good joke to keep us at the top of our speed to hold up with them. The joke, such as it was, was, however, taken in very good part, if a muttered growl which sometimes escaped from us, when the sand was more than usually heavy, be not taken into account.

After an hour's sharp running, we arrived at the position which we were to occupy. It was situated at the extreme end of the forest, along the outskirts of which we had come from the place of rendezvous, and which, varying from two to three miles in breadth, extended along the banks of the river for several leagues. The upper portion of the forest, that nearest to us, was interspersed with a great quantity of tangled brake and underwood, and seemed well adapted for the lairs of the animals for which we were in search. The mode of beating and guarding the wood was very simple, but at the same time very well executed, better than I have witnessed on many a field-day at home.

Single files, from fifty to a hundred paces distant from each other, according to the inequality of the ground, but always within shot of any animal which might attempt to escape by breaking through the lines, were extended down each side of the forest, the side next the river requiring a less number to guard it than the other, as the wolf will not, unless hard pressed, take to the water. Along the upper end of the forest, that to which the wolves were to be driven, the files were placed closer, and the best shots of the district invariably occupy this, the post of honor. The sides and upper end of the forest being thus as it were secured, a line of beaters was drawn across the lower part of the wood. This party, always on foot, is generally composed of the youngsters of the canton, whose business it is to make more use of their lungs than of the old horse-pistols and carabines with which a few of them are armed. Dogs, although sometimes useful in following a wounded animal, are seldom permitted to accompany the beaters, as they are never sufficiently well-trained to range close, but, wandering a-head, destroy the regularity of the *battue*. As the beaters advance, the files who have been guarding the sides of the wood fall into line with them, so that, increasing in numbers as they go through the wood, they soon become so near to each other that not a thicket or dingle, however small, escapes their search. Our friend the Maire had chosen, as he said, the position near which the wolves would most probably endeavor to make their escape, in order to reach another forest several miles off, and to which the place where we were stationed was the nearest point. That our position was well chosen will appear hereafter.

Each of our party now selected a spot where he could be skreened from the observation of the wolves as they came dashing through the wood, and where the ground being tolerably clear around him, he could have a good view of the animals as they galloped past him. The stump of a decayed pine or small clump of underwood served this purpose very effectually, and most of our comrades were soon ensconced behind either one or other such shelters. It happened, however, that just where my friend and I were placed there was an open glade, which extended some distance into the forest: through this the wolves, when hard pressed in the rear, would in all probability make a rush,—at least so thought we; and when several persons had declined taking this post, from the want of shelter which it afforded, we volunteered to take charge of it. A few patches of well-grown heath, scattering along the edge of this glade, had not been unobserved by us; and as we had many a day lain in wait for the red-deer of our native mountains, with no other protection from their keen observation than the bright heath in which we crouched, we instinctively took to our old quarters with greater confidence of success. The entrance to the glade might be a good two hundred yards across, and G—— and I placed ourselves so as to command the breadth of it. Having once taken our station, we deemed it our duty to remain as quiet as possible, and so undoubtedly ought every one along the line of guards to have acted; but on what occasion will a parcel of Gascons cease to chatter?

The consequential little Maire had posted himself to the left of G——, behind a gigantic pine, where, half leaning half sitting on the stump of a decayed branch, he kept up a constant fire of words, much to the annoyance of his neighbor, more especially when he alluded to the race which he had given us over the Landes, and which we feared had rendered our hands less steady than they ought to have been on such an occasion. Then he desired us to watch the manner in which he would stop the flight of some unlucky passer-by, boasted of the distance his gun would carry, and many other conceits.

"D—n that fellow!" said G——, aloud to me in English! "he will ruin our sport with that magpie tongue of his. Such a noisy rascal ought to have been in the rear of the wolves to drive them along with his screeching, instead of being perched where he is."

Fortunately, however, the little wind there was blew directly towards us, and from the direction in which the beaters were advancing, so that the chattering on the outposts could not be heard at any distance in the wood.

Several hours elapsed before the approach of the beaters was distinguishable. In a dense wood, such as they were in, and situated on a plain, sound is not heart at a great distance. There is no re-echoing, as among the mountains, of the shouting and firing,—none of the enlivening sounds which come pealing along the valleys, and fall with such delight on the ear of the watching hunter. A dull low hum which came down the wind was the sole herald of their advance; while now and then a stray shot from the files on the outskirts of the wood told us that a wolf had been seen, either endeavoring to escape from the wood, or dashing forward to its upper extremity.

It was now mid-day, and the sun shone forth with dazzling brightness, burnishing our gun-barrels in a manner the most unfavorable to a sportsman.—Here, however, the Basque *berrets* which G—— and I wore were invaluable. Their broad brims completely sheltered our eyes from the sun's rays, while in color they were scarcely distinguishable from the heath in which we were imbedded. In this respect we had the advantage of our companions, whose Catalin-like caps gave them no shelter whatever.

Every thing being prepared for an honorable reception of the enemy,—even the heath twigs being laid gently aside in front, in order to give us a freer range,—we now anxiously awaited the result. Gradually the straggling shots of the beaters broke the monotonous hum of their advance, and the raven and wild swan, soaring away from their disturbed retreat, passed screaming over our heads. A breathless silence now reigned along our line; our little Maire even ceased to gabble; our guns were, for the last time examined, and new caps placed on the locks, lest the damp might have injured the old ones.

The beaters were now within a mile of us, and close upon the thickest and most dense portion of the forest; one half of the whole assemblage had now fallen into their line, so that the most daring animal could not venture to break through it. The shots were now following each other in rapid succession, and the most sly wolf could not long remain in the wood. The first which appeared broke away several hundred yards to our right, and from his not having been fired at until he had passed through the line of hunters. Three shots were then fired at him by those nearest; but the rascal dashed over the ground untouched, in the direction of the forest to which I have alluded.

Every eye was now on the alert, peering through the wood on all sides: the rustling of a leaf, the hopping of a bird were now objects of attention; while every shot that rolled over our heads spoke of "hope deferred."

Suddenly a low whistle, scarcely perceptible, escaped from my friend G——, who, at the same instant as myself, had seen three wolves break into the glade a-head of us. How fervently we desired that our friends to the right and left of us might not see them, and some untimely shout or ill-directed shot drive them back into the wood. But we were in luck. Our neighbors were straining their eyes among the branches of the forest; ours alone were fixed on the open space before us. On the three rascals came, running neck and neck, and just far enough apart to give G—— and I a clear shot at the outer pair. Little time was left us to observe them; their long slouching gallop soon brought them up within fifty yards of us; our gun-muzzles were now peeping over the heather tops; and so well had we calculated our distance that we fired almost at the same instant. Both of our shots took effect; that of G—— most effectually It had entered the broad chest of the animal, and passing to the heart, he made one tremendous leap into the air, and dropped quite dead. My ball had not told so true. It had shattered the right shoulder of the wolf, which, after a few rolls on the ground, limped off towards the wood. Another ball, however, from my second barrel gave him his quietus before he reached it.

In the mean time a scene of a most extraordinary character had occurred on my right. The third wolf, directly that his companions had fallen, bolted away towards the spot where the Maire was posted, and my companion, who was determined to have a slap at it, fired just as it was passing the tree against which the consequential little fellow was resting. The wolf galloped on unharmed; but at the same instant the little Maire dropped screaming and kicking in a most extraordinary manner. I felt almost paralyzed at the sight; but G——, whom I believed had accidentally shot the Maire, to my utter astonishment, coolly took up his rifle, and resting it on his knee, fired at the escaping wolf. The distance was great, but *Purdie* performed his duty well; the ball snapped the spine of the animal, and the three wolves lay dead around us.

I now rushed towards the fallen Maire, followed, though with less alacrity, by G——. Kicking and sprawling, and to all appearance in the last agonies of death, it would have moved a heart of stone to see the poor fellow as he lay on the sward, his spirit to all appearance about to wing its flight. His jokes, his race over the sands, all were forgotten; the sad uncertainty of life was most painfully depicted, and the altered appearance which the merry household, with whom we had passed the preceding evening, would present when informed of the sad bereavement which they had sustained, flashed before my eyes.

But "there are tides in the affairs of men;" there are sudden changes from grief to joy; the cheek this moment wet with a scalding tear may the next be wreathed with a smile, or the beaming eye become glazed with agony. The Maire was not dead, he was only *kilt*; and the tears, which I have no doubt were about to flow most plentifully at the untimely fate of our little friend, now welled over amid irresistible laughter. For some time neither G—— nor I could speak; the wolf-hunt was forgotten, the ringing shots of the hunters were unheard,—all were for the time alike unheeded, and the ludicrous catastrophe of the Maire alone engrossed our attention. My companion's ball had taken effect, not upon the person of his worship, but upon one of his stilts, and had snapped it in twain nearly at half length. Thus deprived of his "fair proportions," the Maire dropped instantaneously, utterly unconscious of the nature and extent of the accident which had befallen him. No wonder, then, that, stunned by the fall, and his nerves somewhat unstrung by the suddenness of the shock, the poor fellow should suppose that it was all over with him; while, to add to his confusion, he had bumped his nose against the tree in his descent, and the blood streaming copiously from it, seemed to confirm the idea of his being desperately wounded.

"Je suis mort! je suis mort!" screamed the little hero of the morning, as G—— and I, having somewhat regained our composure, were preparing to reduce him to his legitimate stature by unlacing the now useless *sangues*. "Je suis mort!" continued he, as having drawn his hand across his face, he held the bloody member up before him, "je ne reverrai plus ma famille. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Having at length separated him from his *sangues*, we placed him on his feet, with his back to the tree, but as his moaning still continued, and he did not even then seem sure of his existence, G—— suggested the propriety of making him swallow a little of the cordial which the gourd swung from his belt contained. This was accordingly accomplished, and had a wonderful effect in calming his nervous system. Gradually the woful expression of his countenance disappeared; limb after limb was stretched out to ascertain the damage which they had received; until, at length, having discovered that a bleeding nose was the only injury which had befallen his person, he began to consider what really had caused him so much alarm.

Leaving him to his meditations, we now bethought us of our wolf-hunt; but, alas! alas! it was too late,—our sport was over. How many wolves had gone past us,—how many good shots we had lost while attending to the Maire, it was impossible to tell; but never did hunters less regret the interruption of their sport than G—— and I did on that occasion. The beaters were now coming hard upon us The crashing of the underwood as they forced their way through it, was now distinctly heard; but the wolves had long since left the wood. A few foxes and a roebuck were driven towards us; the former—true sportsmen as we were—we allowed to steal away unmolested; of the latter, however, we rendered a good account. Shortly after, the beaters emerged from the forest, and assembled round the place where we had been stationed, all anxious to learn the result of the *battue*. It was some time, however, before the "return of the killed" could be ascertained. Each successful hunter had his particular tale of prowess to relate; while the unfortunates had to account for their want of success by many a plausible story of "broken leg," or "miss fire." At last, however, the truth was elicited. A considerable number of wolves had been seen, some of which had broken through the lines soon after they were roused from their lair; and two, more daring than the rest, were seen to swim the river together. Four, however, besides the three which G—— and I had killed, were brought in; a greater number than is generally destroyed at such *battues*. Several roedeer, and not a few foxes, were among the slain; and the beaters declared that they had been close upon a couple of wild bears, which "doubled" upon them, and of course escaped unharmed. Altogether, therefore, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the first of our wolf-hunts in the Landes.

So early had the hunt commenced, that it was yet mid-day when we were congregated around the spoil. Still it was too late to renew the warfare; the wood, in which most of the animals which had escaped had taken shelter, was at too great a distance for us to beat it before nightfall. Our hunting was therefore over for the day; but sport of another kind was in store for us.

Almost every one had brought some provisions along with him; and he who had not was cheerfully supplied by his neighbor. *No one*, however, had forgotten his wine-skin or his brandy-flask; and the *sangues* being now thrown aside, and the whole party seated in groups under the shade of the pines which grew around, a scene was presented which Wilkie would have given a great deal to witness.

The Landais are never a very abstemious race, and it may be well supposed that on such an exciting occasion as this, all the liquor they carried home was most safely stored *under their belt*. Mirth, of that joyous character of which a successful day's sport is always the harbinger to the hunter, now reigned around. Even the spirits of our little Maire began to revive as the jollity increased; and long before his flask was emptied he could even joke at his late misfortune.

"So you took my *sangue* for the leg of a wolf," said he to G——; "pretty mistake you made, indeed! Why, if you had not killed those two wolves, we should have had you taught to shoot before we trusted ourselves again in your company."

Hitherto I had been dubious as to whether G—— had "served out" the Maire as he did, intentionally, or by accident; but the "lurking devil" in his eye when the subject was alluded to was to me perfectly satisfactory, "the hit had been no miss, and the practical joke of our race over the sands had been repaid with interest.

Many of the party were now dancing or singing; and, though the absence of the ladies of the Landes rendered the movements of the hunters less picturesque than they might have been, still, the ungainly caperings of so many strangely apparelled individuals to no music but that of their own "sweet voices," was a curious sight, and in keeping with the wildness of the place of revelry.

The spectacle was sufficiently amusing, and might have very satisfactorily wound up the sports of the day, but the ever fertile imagination of my companion had suggested to him a species of entertainment as novel in character as its results were ludicrous. There were few of the party who were not now in that happy state of mind which renders them "up to anything;" some of them perhaps a little in advance of this, but one and all of them determined to be as jovial as good liquor and good company could make them.

The *sangues*, which had been laid aside after the hunt, G—— now proposed should be buckled on, and that races should take place; at the same time offering, as a prize to the swiftest, an article in much request among the chasseurs of the south—a handsome powder-flask. G—— had scarcely finished making the proposal before fifty at least of the party were buckling on for the contest. Old and young were eager to join issue, and a scene commenced, the absurdity of which baffles description. I have already said that the *sangues* were from four to five feet in length; it may therefore be supposed that mounting upon such articles is no easy matter, without having a wall or bench from which to start. The usual mode of managing the affair by the Landais is to sit on the ledge of a window of the second story of their cottage, and there fastening on the stilts, walk away from the place; or a ladder is generally leaning against the walls of the cottage, up which they mount until sufficiently high to effect their object. Here, however, there were none of the usual facilities afforded for mounting; and every one was put to his wits to discover some method or other to get on his *horse*. The most active of the party having selected a pine which had a drooping branch, climbed on to it, and managed without much difficulty to effect their object. Several of the elderly ones, and some of the juniors, whose libations had placed their capacity on a level with that of their seniors, were not quite so successful. One heavy fellow, who had raised himself on the branch of a pine close to where we were sitting, had just succeeded in buckling on one of his stilts, when the branch on which he sat gave way. The leg with the stilt on was mechanically thrust out to break the fall, but the result was much the contrary. With only one support, a single stride was all that could be made, but that stride was a most important one; for, unable to deviate from the direction in which the branch broke away, the heavy carcase of the fellow landed in the centre of a group whose advanced state of jolification al-

* The Norwegian "skalls" have some resemblance to the wolf hunts of the Landes.

together precluded their joining in a race. So rudely and unexpectedly assaulted, damage was done on the occasion both to heads and wine-skins and the sufferers, not quite comprehending the cause of the assault, evinced their sense of its effects by heartily pommeling the unlucky wight, who rolled among them. Another fellow had, in the hurry of the moment, carried off one of his neighbours *sangues* instead of his own, and did not discover the mistake until he had buckled them on, and thinking that all was right, started from his place of mounting. Then he found to his surprise that one stilt was half a foot shorter than the other, and that, accordingly, to balance himself was quite impossible. So away he went staggering and limping, endeavouring to describe a circle, so as to get back to the tree from which he had sprung. But the odds were against his succeeding. The shorter stilt having sunk in the hollow of a decayed tree-root, the discrepancy of length became still greater; to recover his equilibrium was impossible, and he measured his length on the ground.

Several incidents equally absurd took place before the competitors were assembled at the starting-post. One of these, as it was somewhat different from the others, is worth mentioning. Two of the hunters had buckled on their *sangues*, and seemed to all appearance prepared for the race. One of them, however, discovered, or believed that he had discovered, that the strap of one of his *sangues*, which he had missed before he left the village in the morning was doing duty on the leg of his neighbour, and he lost not a moment in taxing him with the theft. The charge was rebutted with all the vehemence of voice and gesture which a Gascon, conscious of his innocence, may be supposed to display. It had not however, the smallest effect on the individual who made the charge. He either *knew* the man with whom he had to deal, or more probably had taken just that quantity of drink which suffices to make some folks, whether right or wrong, most pertinaciously insist on the correctness of their own opinion. The protestations of the accused fell, therefore, without effect on the ears of his opponent, who would be satisfied with nothing short of the immediate restitution of the article which he claimed, and which he threatened to take by force if not given up to him. This was too much for the hot blood of a Landais to submit to; the accused now no longer protested his innocence, but dared the other to carry his threat into execution. Nothing daunted by this change in the bearing of his adversary, and determined, at all hazards to regain possession of his bit of leather, he advanced to seize upon it. The position, however, which his opponent had assumed, somewhat checked his ardor. The accused (certainly the most sober of the two, although neither could be said to be actually drunk,) stepped a few paces back, and, flourishing his long pole or crook over his head, prepared to give his insulter a warm reception.

That one or other of the parties would obtain a broken head was now very evident. Those around us seemed to consider such a result a matter of necessity after such an altercation as that which had taken place. There was no use for any interference, therefore, on our part. In the Landes, as in other parts of the *civilized* world, individual honor must be satisfied by means of deadly shots or broken heads; and the principals had, besides, no fear of a reprimand from the priesthood for their conduct on the occasion. To it, then, the gentlemen went in right earnest, and played as pretty a game at quarterstaff as ever was seen in merry England.

The parties seemed very equally matched in regard to strength, and were proficients in the science of attack and defence; it appeared very doubtful, therefore, who should be the victor. For some time, the blows fell thick and hard on both sides; several of them taking effect, but most of them being parried with great adroitness. As usual, however, at such bouts, he that could bear the hardest thumps without losing his temper triumphed. A hit somewhat sharper than ordinary told with good effect on the left shoulder of him who fought for his "shoe tie." To return it with interest, if possible was now his sole object, and furiously he endeavored to discharge the obligation. The blows were now all on his part; his opponent now skilfully stepping aside to avoid them; now grasping the centre of his pole, and whirling it round and round his head, with such velocity as completely to protect his person.

It was easy to decide in whose favor the odds now were; although the assailant's weapon was plied with an energy and power that appeared resistless.—The accused (unjustly, as it was afterwards ascertained,) pursuing the same system of defence, never offered to return the blows of his opponent; in fact, he seemed determined not to strike until fatigue and passion had wrought powerfully in his favor. At length the efforts of the assailant became relaxed, his blows descended with less rapidity, and the time for finishing the contest was at hand. Watching, therefore, his opportunity, as the wearied arm of his adversary, with somewhat of its original vigor, dealt forth a blow which might have felled an ox, the injured party leaped aside, and escaping it, in an instant, and before his opponent could recover his guard, returned the blow with all his force on the unprotected shoulders of his opponent. The pole flew to pieces with the violence of the shock, and the originator of the dispute pitched headforemost to the ground.

Such scenes are of common occurrence in the Landes; and, with the exception of some severe thwacks given and received, it is seldom that serious injury is sustained by either party. I recollect, a conflict between two French Basques, in the vicinity of Pau, which terminated fatally. The Basques invariably carry a long walking-stick, generally knotted at the end; and, when they chance to quarrel, they do not hesitate in using it pretty freely. Two of them thus armed having quarrelled and fought, one of them received a blow over the temple which killed him on the spot. This was, however, a very rare occurrence; and the *shilelah** of the Basque must, nevertheless, be considered as a far better arbiter of disputes than the long knife of his brethren over the frontier.

On the present occasion the injury sustained by the beaten party was considered of no importance, and did not in the slightest degree interrupt the hilarity of the assembly. Everything was now prepared for the race, and the competitors, in number about two dozen, being drawn up in line, and the signal for starting given, off they went in fine style. One of the hunters had been posted on a rising ground, about five hundred yards distant; round him those engaged in the race were to turn, and G—— had taken care that in placing this individual, no attention should be paid to the state of the ground over which the racers should pass.

For the first hundred yards the race was neck and neck, all in line, and no one jostling the other. This, however, was the only level part of the course. A hollow, with a brook running through it, was now to be passed, and we could distinguish a very considerable derangement in the ranks of the little band as they passed it. Still all held on, and one after another passed the pivot without accident of any kind. Some there were now who had gained considerably on the others; these were mostly running together, each determined to win: and as, among those who were behind them, each was determined not to be last, the utmost vigor and activity of the party were put forth.

As the competitors approached, the shouts of the spectators were incessant. "Pierre le gagnera!"—"Joseph le gagnera!" resounded as the heads of one or other of the "favorites" first appeared above the unequal surface of the course; and as they descended into the hollow which we have noticed, it was apparent that either one or other of the favorites would prove the victor. This time, however, the brook was not so easily crossed; and, by one mishap or another, several were left in it, some of whom had hitherto been among the foremost, so that when the others topped the bank near the winning-post, they formed nearly as compact a body as when they started. Neither the whip, nor spur, nor the betting-book were in requisition, yet the contest now became really animating. There was not nearly so great a disparity of fleetness as might have been expected among such a number; and it was very evident that whoever gained the race would not have a great superiority to boast of. On they came over the level piece of sward, amid the redoubled shouts of the spectators. In a few seconds it was crossed, and Joseph was the victor by a few feet.

Of course, on the presentation of the prize, G—— found it necessary to say something; but, being unaccustomed to "public speaking," and still less capable of speaking in French, he bethought him that some of his schoolboy recitations might avail him on the occasion. The address of Sempronius to the Roman senate was the first which came to mind, so, turning towards Joseph, and commencing with

"My voice is still for war;
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate," &c.

he delivered a portion of it with all the action and energy which a eulogium on the merits of the successful racer might be supposed to require. Shouts followed every cadence of the speaker, and the scene concluded amid "thunders of applause."

Bentley's Miscellany.

* Query for Irish Antiquaries—"Does not the familiar use of the "*shilelah*" by the Basques,—the oldest nation on the Continent,—strengthen the opinion of Irish descent from the Spanish or French people, who bear that name?

Patriotism.—A person entering the House of Commons when the Rump Parliament was sitting, exclaimed:—These are goodly gentlemen—I could work for them all my days for nothing."

"What trade are you, my good friend?"

"A rope-maker," replied the other.

Beautiful Comparison.—"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in his rear; as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the Eternal has unbound the bolts—so does a little nigger run like the devil when a big dog is after him,"—says the Little Genius.

Picayune.

Repartee.—Greenaugh is full of wit. "I fear," said a lady to him, "that I shall not make a good bust" "Oh, madam, *I* will make the bust," was the reply.

HOUNDS AND HUNTING.

Of all animals which have been subjected to the service of man, none has become so familiar with him, or so identified with his manners and habits, as the dog: indeed, the dog may be said to have sought the protection of man, to have volunteered his services, since, in those parts of the world where the dog, from the neglect of his master or other causes, has been constrained to seek a precarious subsistence in the forest, he approaches the human habitation, as if anxious for domestic association. On the score of instinctive sagacity, the dog is superior to the quadrupedal genus, the elephant alone excepted; he is remarkably complying in his disposition, and has been ramified almost *ad infinitum*.

Elian mentions a variety of the canine tribe so powerful and so courageous as to be able to cope singly with a lion; but as Elian did not live in the most enlightened period of the world, and as no such dog has since been seen, the account seems to breathe somewhat the air of romance—too large for an ordinary swallow. The noblest and most sagacious variety of the dog tribe is the talbot, introduced here by the Normans, and from whom have descended all our varieties of the hound. This animal was about two feet four, or two feet five inches high; muscular and powerful; the ears very large, soft, and pendulous; the lips large and leathery; the eyes deeply sunk, but yet expressive; the countenance pleasing; the head remarkably capacious and very large altogether; dewlapped; or, as the poet expresses it, "crook-kneed and dewlapt, like Thessalian bulls;" color, black on the back, becoming some shades lighter in reaching the lower parts; tanned over the eyes and on the legs; voice awfully deep and sonorous. However, the most remarkable characteristic of the talbot was the acuteness of his olfactory organs, his surprising powers of smell.

The talbot was used by the Normans for rousing the game (principally deer), and giving notice of its being on foot to the sportsmen, who let fly their arrows at it as it passed. But in the progress of time, the manner of the chase was altered, and the system of ambuscade gave place to that of more active pursuit: thus, the stag was followed on horseback, and the speed of the hound was increased, in order to impart superior animation to the sportsman. The first remove from the talbot produced hounds resembling those used by George III.; and, as it was perceived that the greater the speed the more impassioned the sport, what may be called the stag hound proper, was superseded by a still fleeter animal, and the fox preferred to the stag or hart as an object of chase. Yet, it must be admitted that this increase of progressive motion was obtained at the expense of a considerable diminution in the power of smell. The fox hounds of the present day, which approximate the talbot more nearly than any others, are those belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. They are large and powerful, can carry on a cool scent, but are not equal in speed to those of the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Applethwaite's, and many other packs: nevertheless, Lord Lonsdale's hounds always pleased us much; their hunting was steady, musical, and, with a good scent, they could go fleet enough to satisfy all but a glutton at the pace. Some of the pleasantest runs we ever witnessed have been with Lord Lonsdale's hounds; we have seen quicker things repeatedly, particularly with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, the Cheshire, Mr. Wicksted's, the Shropshire, &c., &c.

With the increase of speed in the hound, the system of hunting necessarily underwent a very considerable change; the hound of the old school could follow his game, though it had passed an hour before; when a fox broke cover and went off, he had not speed sufficient to run up to him; but, however far ahead the fox might get, the acuteness of his sense of smell enabled him to follow, and in three, four, or perhaps five hours, he would run down his game. The modern fox hound can run up to his game, if the scent be good: the huntsman indeed makes a point of going off with the leading hounds on the fox breaking away, and keeping as close to his game as possible, by lifting the hounds over fallows or where they cannot carry the scent, &c., thus if all goes on right, the hounds run into their game in about an hour, or an hour and a few minutes; if, however, the fox contrives to get a considerable distance in advance, the hounds can seldom reach him. Being out with the Cheshire pack, some years ago, on the hounds being thrown into Huxley Gorse, they went instantly away, and ran with their heads up, at best pace, for some time; they went well indeed for half an hour, therefore the scent must have been good, but they were not able to reach their fox; he had been observed to leave the cover five minutes before the hounds entered: such a space of time, five minutes law, renders the business abortive.

The quality of the sense of smell and the extent of sagacity will be found in proportion to the capaciousness of the head; hence, the talbot, being furnished surpassingly in this respect, as his head was more capacious and his frontal more elevated, he was found equally superior in goodness of nose and instinctive sagacity also. In the attempts to improve the progressive motion of the talbot, and render him fleeter, the head was reduced in size, and the qualities abovementioned became depreciated accordingly—till at length, by continuing to increase the speed of the fox-hound, his sense of smell was so much reduced as to render him unable to recognise a scent unless it was nearly breast high: when such happened to be the case, the business assumed a most animating aspect, though the hounds were not remarkably musical, nor could they be, such being the reduction of the size of the head as to alter the tones of the voice from a deep mellow bass, to sounds approaching a treble; further, hounds going at the rate of speed in question cannot give tongue freely, nor is it an unusual circumstance for the brilliant runners to proceed in their rapid, headlong career in silence. Therefore, as acute sense of smell and fleetness of progressive motion appeared a most desirable union, attempts were made to accomplish it; amongst the most successful of which were those of Mr. Wicksted, who for some years hunted the heavy and rugged country in the circumjacent vicinity of his residence, Betteley, a few miles from Nantwich; this gentleman's establishment was not very extensive, his country only allowing of five days in a fortnight; his hounds could both run and hunt; we have more than once witnessed their exertions with uncommon satisfaction.

ANOTHER PRESENT TO HER MAJESTY.

A few days since a small hamper, the contents of which were secured by a linen cloth being carefully sewn over the top, arrived at Windsor, by coach, from Yorkshire, and addressed as follows:—

"With care.
To Her Majesty
Queen Victoria
At Briton Palace.
Or Wherehever She may
Bee
With speed."

Upon the porter at Moody's coach-office taking the package (the carriage of which was 4s. 4d.) to the Castle at Windsor, it was refused to be received. The proprietor of the coach-office, however, thinking there might be some mistake, sent it a second time to the Castle, when it was again refused, by the orders (as we are informed) of the Master of the Household, the Hon. C. A. Murray. In the course of the same afternoon a curious squeaking noise (as the package was lying in the coach-office) was heard to proceed from the hamper, resembling the stifled cries of a child; and as it was clear there was something in it alive, it was judged expedient, under the circumstances, to open the package, a thousand rumors having got abroad in the meantime as to the real nature of its contents.

At length the hamper was opened, and then there was discovered, crouched beneath some hay, a couple of very beautiful Guinea pigs, a male and female, and a note addressed to her Majesty, of which the following is "a true and veritable copy:"—

"Laughton-in-le Morthem, Near Rotherham.

"A Present of 2 Guinea Pigs To her Magesty from A little Boy 5 years old that come in one day from Playing in the Street Says Mother I love the Quenr because she is A Good queen I Wish I knew ware she Live I would sende he my two Pigs.

"the child would not Rest till he had sent the Queen the only Treasure he posses he shed a teer over is Pigs and told them they was Going ware they would have more plenty than he Could Have for them he is Quite Happy at Parting with them.

"I am Afraid your Royal Highness will be displeased at a Poor woman taking the Libirty to send them to your Majesty.

"Your Majesty's Most Humble
"Oct. 9th, 1839." "Servant ELIZABETH ELRIDGE."

The authorities at the Castle still refusing to admit the pigs—notwithstanding *Master* Elridge told them, before they left Laughton for "Briton Palace," that "they was going ware they would have more plenty"—a gentleman in Windsor paid the carriage of the hamper from Rotherham, and the pigs, which he has christened Albert and Victoria (the latter of which will shortly introduce some new acquaintances to his family circle), are now comfortably domiciled in a spacious hutch in the stable attached to his residence in Gloucester-place.

London paper.

Sheridan having declined walking out with an elderly maiden lady, on the pretence of bad weather, was met by the lady afterwards walking by himself. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," said he, "enough for one, but not enough for two."

A Tender Wish.—A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old testy, gouty, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said, "Ah, plaze your honor, I wish your heart was as tinder as your toes."

SWEEPING MEASURES.

TO THE HEDITUR OF THE AGE.

Vindsor, Oct. 25.

SIR,—I am used up—that is, I am up the flue; my occupation, like Hot Hello's, is gone; and all on account of the Palass Ladies. Sich a gitting up stairs as there has been in the Castle I never did see, nor no von else. The sarcumstance is this here. You must know, Mustur Age, that I am the Royal Sweep; and until Prince Halbert came over from Jarminy I walked up riggalerly into her Majesty's flue, and the flues of the Palace Ladies; no easy task I assure. The flues were so well cleaned out, and the stoves were so well brushed up, that some of the ladies in their fun used to call me Flue-well-in, and others Sir In-i-go Stove-in. But Prince Halbert, says he to me von morning vhen I vos goin on duty; says he, "*Knee soot-or supra crepitum*," and vith that he fetches me sich a kick as toed me out upon the terrace. Howsomdever I vent riggarlerly to the Castle gates, but vos never hadmitted, and this blessed morning, vhen I was dreaming of German sassidges and heavy, von of the Castle flunkies comes out to my room, cotches me by the konk, and pulls me out of bed, telling me to come to the Castle. I had scarcely time to button on my smalls fore I was bundled into the presence of her Majesty, Prince Halbert, the Lord Chamberlain, and all the Palace Ladies. My eyes, didn't they jist look obstroperous! The Queen's monkey was up awful, and Prince Halbert vos swearing "a few" I don't think. The Chamberlain vos svelling like the Monster Balloon, and the tailless cats were youling as if they vould scratch my eyes out. The Baroness vos the only cool von of the lot, but her eyes vos a sarpint's. "Mein goot, freund," says she. "Yes! my Lady," says I. "Donner and Blitz," said Prince Halbert, fetching me a tremendous toe-er, "hauld der teufel tong, mein kind." Here the Queen laughed heartily, and the laugh nearly choked her, when the two eternally damned cats amused themselves by sticking their claws into my calves. I could'nt help roaring out with torment; when the Lord Chamberlain took me by the collar, and says, "You infarnal wagabone, do you know what you have been doing?" "No, my Lord," says I, "I ha'nt no hidear votsomdever."—"Vell," says he, "don't you know you have got the dusty-knees of the vorld in your hands?" "Dusty vot, my Lord," says I. "Dusty knees, you ass," says he. I look'd at my hands and knees, and could'nt help staring, what made her Majesty burst out again into a fit of laughture. "Are you not sweep to her Majesty?" says he. "I am, my Lord," says I. "If her Majesty's chimney is not swept, and if a spark goes up it, will it not be all on fire?" says he.—"No doubt on it, my Lord," says I. "If the chimney be on fire, might not the flame spread throughout the Castle?" says he. "Yes, my Lord," says I. "If that flame caused the death of the Queen, wouldn't it prove the ruin of the country, by turning out the Whigs and letting in the Conservatives?" "Sartainly, my Lord," said I. "And if England, which is the Mistress of the World, were ruined, would'nt the whole world be destroyed?" "By the living Jabers!" says I, "your Lordship is right; and I never know'd till now that I held the dusty knees of the world in my hands." "Why, then," says he, "didn't you sweep the Castle chimneys?" says he. "Because the Ladies of the Palace wouldn't let me," says I. "Why?" says he. "Ax Prince Halbert?" says I. At this her Majesty reddened, and Prince Halbert grew deadly pale; afore I knew where I vos, he cotches me by the scrag, and forks me out through the vinder. A mercy I hadn't broken my neck.

So, Mr. Heditur, the report is that I vos hired by the Tories to set fire to the Castle, jist as they hired the chummy of Pimlico to burn the Palace. I have made up my mind, and will commit suicide, like the chummy of the Duke of Sussex, last year. As the Monument is closed, I have pitched upon the Duke of York's Pillar for my exit. 'Tis more fashionable, and I wish to do the thing genteely. Yours to command (for the next vorld),

THOS. MORGAN.

FISHING IN THE AMERICAN LAKES AND RIVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA."

Long before I ever looked upon the "broad blue waters" of the Great Lakes of America, I had visited and angled in nearly all the little "ponds and pools" that we Britons, in pure national vanity, are pleased to dignify with the name of "lakes;" and, as a matter of course, conceived some of them of amazing importance. There was my old neighbor, the far-famed and celebrated Windermere, whose size has often astonished my younger days; and when I first beheld the wide-spreading Loch Lomond, I marvelled how our little island could contain so vast a body of pent-up waters! To the delightful scenery of our own lakes I refer not, to

"Despise those beauties once so much admired."

I speak only of their size compared with the lakes of other countries. As for Windermere,—after all, what does it resemble? It is just like a portion of a middle-sized river, of irregular breadth; for in some places it is narrow, crooked, and altogether river-like. In America it would scarcely pass for a "pond" of middle size; and the people, most probably, would apply to it the term "Rock Pond," or "Crooked Pond," or some name equally unpoetic and unclassical. Give me, however, my native valleys, mountains, lakes, and woods, in preference to all that I have elsewhere seen! And now, when I have roamed over the wide world until my eyes have become "sated with seeing," give me, I say, in life's decline, those scenes of my early youth again to gaze upon and admire,—to wean back my heart that I might lay it at the feet of my "first love;" and oh! that I could *feel*, while I repeat with the poet—

"I still have hopes 'midst all vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

But I set out with the intention of giving some account of fishing in the Great Lakes of America, and here I am still lingering among the "blue mountains of Cumberland."

I remember being present at a sale by auction, when the whole angling apparatus of a deceased commandant of a British regiment was brought to the hammer—not to liquidate the debts of the gallant officer, but those of a drunken, worthless vagabond—a half-Indian, to whom his late master had bequeathed—not only his fishing implements, but his "guns an' pistols an a',"—indeed everything that belonged to him as a sportsman. The sale took place in a small town where elegant fishing-rods were but little known, and quite as little valued; and where the people would as soon have thought of casting their old hats upon the broad waters of their rivers and lakes, as they would the choicest flies that ever were "dubbed and dressed." On that occasion a splendid fly-rod fetched 1s. 9d; two silk landing-nets, and the same number of basket-panniers, 1s. 0½d.: and a fishing-book, regularly crammed with lines, hooks, flies, gimcrackery, and nicknackery of all descriptions, sold for 2s 1d!! And pray, the reader probably may ask, what am I to understand by all this? The answer appears obvious,—that the country where this took place is not a country of anglers. And yet some of them do angle a little, too, in their peculiar manner; but when they fish for bass along the shores, they use "fishing-poles," cut in the adjoining woods for present use; a few feet of "twine," or "whip-cord," serving the purpose of a more legitimate fishing line—while the hook is baited with a worm, grub, grasshopper, or any sort of diminutive fish that can be easily procured.

From the days of my childhood almost, I may say, I have been accustomed to *fishing*, in one way or another, having been brought up on the banks of one of the finest trout-streams in the north of England; and a partiality for good old Izaak's favorite amusement seems to have increased with increasing years. Think, then, how I must have been surprised—nay, horrified, when I found those colonists (among whom I had gone to sojourn for a season) setting so little store by the late Colonel ——'s beautiful apparatus: I thought I had never witnessed the old adage of throwing pearls before swine so truly verified.

It has been my lot to fish in *three* of the Great Lakes—namely, Ontario, Erie, and Huron; as well as in a vast number of other lakes and pieces of water. The American lakes, for the most part, are well stocked with fish; several kinds of which are of good quality. By the term "fishing," I would wish to be understood all the usual modes of taking fish, such as angling, spearing, netting, &c. Every person familiar with this pastime will be aware that, except in the bays, creeks, and shallows of those large lakes, angling must be out of the question; and nearly so are all other modes of fishing. Many of the farmers who live within a moderate distance of Erie and Ontario provide nets, or seines, the flax of which they are made being grown upon their own farms, and afterwards spun and netted in their own families.

As soon as the ice breaks up in the spring, the farmers, in small bodies, repair to the bays, and such fishing-ground as these lakes afford, where they will drag for fish during the whole night; filling, if the fish be pretty abundant, two or three barrels by the hour of sunrise, which they convey home in a wagon, and salt down for a supply of provisions for the summer. But this species of night-fishing, at so early a season of the year, and while the water is still so very cold, is not resorted to as a matter of pleasure or amusement, but of profit; for, although those engaged kindle fires upon the beach to warm themselves, and for the convenience of knowing where to draw their nets ashore, on the whole it is an uncomfortable business. The fish they take in excursions of this sort consist of bass—black, white, striped, and rock, fresh water herring, pickerel, grey or salmon trout, muskanungi (pike), some white-fish, besides a long catalogue of other sorts, the most of them worthless, or of little value. Salmon and eels are found in lake Ontario, but not above the Niagara Falls.

Of all the fish connected with the Great Lakes, the white-fish, which, when full-grown, weighs from three to five pounds, and shaped something like a slender trout, is considered the greatest delicacy. These fish, however, are far from abundant, since they are only found in some particular situations, and rarely

in large shoals. Those caught in the Detroit river, and in the vicinity of Lake St. Clair, are esteemed the very best that are anywhere to be met with. Early in the season the herring (which is exceedingly abundant) is a tolerable fish, but as soon as the warm weather sets in, its flesh is considered unwholesome. All the varieties of bass are tolerably good, especially the black and striped, both of which are great favorites at the tables of most Americans, and are much angled for (after a rude fashion) from the shores, wharfs, and piers of their harbors and rivers. The pickerel is a tolerably good fish, and is caught in the lakes and ponds in the interior of the country, when all other sorts of fish are extremely scarce; and to a person who is willing to expose himself to a great degree of cold, pickerel-fishing sometimes affords very good amusement. The season when I have usually known it practised with the greatest success is from Christmas to the middle of February; the smaller lakes being then all completely closed with ice. Having ascertained the favorite haunt of these fish, which can only be done by fishing for them occasionally during the summer, as many small holes are cut in the ice as the party propose putting down lines. A hole is then bored in a thin and narrow piece of shingle, or board, not more than a few inches from one extremity, then a piece of a round stick is inserted through the said hole, and placed on the ice, so that one end (the short end) of the piece of board or shingle may rest directly over the hole cut in the ice. To this (the short end) the line, baited with a small live fish, a large grub, or a piece of fresh pork, is attached, and let down into the water to the depth of ten, fifteen, or twenty feet; so that when it is but slightly molested, the piece of board, or shingle, is seen to shake; and if a fish bite freely, and with a tolerable pull, down goes the end to which the line is attached, and up rises the longer extremity to a perpendicular position, and should the fish make much play, the stick keeps bobbing up and down in a very interesting manner. After the disagreeable operation of cutting holes through the ice, when it is probably a foot thick, and baiting all the hooks with the thermometer at zero,—when the angler has got thirty or forty lines prepared in this manner, and the pickerel are in the right humor, there is no lack of either sport or exercise in running from line to line, as you witness the various sticks put in motion by the biting of the fish.

In the far north-west, the parties of fur-traders are obliged to lay up, during the latter part of summer, immense quantities of fish, which they dry in the sun, as well as partially smoke, on which to subsist during the long winter; since there they have neither corn nor bread, and but an exceedingly precarious dependence upon the wild game that their hunters may be able to procure at that inclement season. An old fur-trader, who spent upwards of twenty years at the remote fur-stations, assured me that the quantity of dried fish consumed by his party (consisting of about twenty-six persons), was almost incredible. His opinion was, that each of them ate from four to six pounds per day, when they had nothing else to subsist on; and although they grew rather stout upon their fish diet, they, at the same time, were capable of sustaining but very little severe exercise.

The grey, or salmon trout, as this fish is called through all parts of the country where it is found, frequently grows to a large size in the Great Lakes, weighing as much as thirty or forty pounds, and is decidedly the best fish found in the American lakes. It rarely, however, leaves the deep waters, except in the spawning season, so that but few are taken in the ordinary seine-fishing. I have devoted much time to salmon-trout fishing, but even in the smaller lakes, and shallower waters, I was never able to kill many of these fish with any fly that I could procure or make myself. There was one plan, however, in which I was eminently successful, and which used to afford me much (though not very refined) amusement. This plan consisted in stretching a long line across some bay or narrow portion of a lake, supported by floats of light pine timber (cork being scarce in the backwoods), thirty or forty feet asunder; each extremity of the line being supported by a large float, and firmly anchored. To each float on the main line I attached a baited line of the length of twenty, thirty, or forty feet, according to the depth of the water. There were several varieties of small fish, but experience taught me that these trout preferred a small live gudgeon, or dace, to any other. I commonly visited my lines morning and evening, when the weather permitted; and when I found the fish in an extraordinary humor for biting, in the middle of the day too. Occasionally I have found as many fish upon the hooks as half the number of floats, and when this happened twice or thrice in the day, I considered my luck capital. For several years I had a lad, to whom I had given the name of "Friday," that used to accompany me in my fishing excursions. He was a capital hand with an oar or scull, as well as a most expert swimmer. He would paddle our little shallop with much dexterity along the line, even when a brisk breeze was blowing; and in calm weather, when we witnessed several of the floats bobbing up and down as we approached them, he used to get so excited that I could scarcely keep him in the boat. I do not pretend that any peculiar science was required in this sort of fishing, and yet I never knew any one else that attempted it succeed half so well as I did. When a very large fish happened to be on one of the lines, it was no easy matter to get it safely into our boat; for, after allowing itself to be hauled up within ten or twelve feet of the surface, and distinctly into view, it would then begin struggling and plunging with all its power; and, lest the line should break, or the hook tear away its hold, it became necessary to permit it to dive to the full extent of the line, and then, after its struggling had somewhat subsided, to commence hauling in anew. I am not conscious that my nerves are of a peculiarly weak or delicate nature; but I yet perfectly remember the excited state of my feelings when I have hauled up a splendid trout, weighing, probably, from twenty to twenty-five pounds; when the fish, perceiving the nature of its situation, would begin to struggle and flounder about with more than its wonted strength and energy; and, at the very moment when I expected to land it safely in the bottom of our little boat, another plunge—and out flies the hook—and away dives the fish into the deepest part of the water!

There is one peculiarity connected with this species of salmon-trout, that while some of those found in the Great Lakes grow to the very large size already mentioned, in lakes of the second class, such as are found in the Eastern or middle States, these fish rarely attain the weight of ten or twelve pounds; while in the small class of lakes, a fish of this species, weighing five pounds, is considered of an unusually large size.

The muskanungi (the name the Indians have given to the pike of the Great Lakes) is not very frequently fallen in with, and scarcely ever trolled for. I have occasionally met with them in the Detroit and Niagara rivers, and have known them to weigh from seventy to ninety pounds. These fish, and sturgeon, which are found in great numbers in some parts of the above-named rivers, are sometimes met with when spearing other fish by torch-light; and many a time have I seen my man Friday mounted astride of one of these huge creatures, and going at a brave pace through the water. On striking a spear into a fish of so large a size from a small boat, or canoe, it is impossible to hold it securely to the bottom of the water, because the boat falls off when the weight of the body is brought to bear, in an oblique direction, upon the speared fish. When the prongs of either mine or Friday's trident had pierced one of the largest of these fish, it would have been in vain to attempt getting it into our little vessel until it became weak through loss of blood, or its struggles in attempting to escape; so that the instant Friday saw how matters stood, he would resign his paddle to me, and bounce into the water. If he could manage to bestride the fish and get upon its back—the upright handle of the spear acting as a rudder and support at the same time, the probability was, that the chase would not be a long one. While he and the fish were flouncing along, my business was to keep as near as possible, and to assist in preventing the creature from getting into the deep water, which it invariably made for; which if it reached, as a matter of course, it was soon relieved of its troublesome rider. This, however, Friday heeded but little; for, as he could swim like a cork, it was all the same to him; and if, in the heat of pursuit, he occasionally got a little out of his reckoning, the blazing fire in our little craft served as a beacon to guide him back again. On some occasions I have bestrode a sturgeon myself, when the nights and the water were warm; but it was when I had less amphibious companions than my man Friday.

There is little good fly-fishing in America: principally because the country is too *new*, and partly because the banks of the best-sized rivers are yet too much encumbered with timber. Where the country is *new*, comparatively, although the angler, in some situations, may find streams, along which all the woods have been cleared away for a mile or two together, there is commonly so many roots, limbs, trunks, and branches of trees remaining in the stream, or brought down periodically by the floods from regions where the lands are still in a forest state, that, even where there are abundance of fish, the angler meets with much to annoy him. Moreover, generally speaking, the main rivers are much too large for fly-fishing, and these are the situations where the country is the oldest and most open. Besides, except in the hilly districts (few of which are yet settled), the country is too level, and the streams too sluggish, to afford good fly-fishing.

There is yet another thing that ought to be mentioned, as connected with angling in the streams and creeks of America. When a section of the country is first peopled, the trout, with which nearly all the streams are abundantly supplied, are literally so tame that neither science nor cunning is requisite to take them in almost any quantities; since MAN, the common destroyer of the brute creation, they know not to be their enemy. I have frequently gone alone, or in the company of a friend, five, ten, or fifteen miles, into the depth of the uninhabited forest, to angle for these tame and simple trout. There you might present yourself on the verge of some small pool, when the noon-day sun was shedding its chequered rays on the perfectly smooth and transparent waters, and count the exact number of which the little shoal consisted, without their appearing more afraid of you than if you had been the stump of one of the forest trees. I have occasionally seated myself on the bank to try the experiment of killing every fish in the place; and no sooner had I dropped my hook upon the water, baited with a worm, grasshopper, grub, or any other insect common to the country, than a general dash at it took place, every one of them attempting to seize it at the same moment. Not even the splashing and the struggling of the hooked fish appeared to intimidate the rest; for in a few seconds after their comrade had been hauled ashore, they were all again in a state of quiescent watchfulness, ready to make another dash at the treacherous bait as soon as it should reach the water. I have, over and over again, killed every fish in a pool containing two or three dozen, without moving from the position I first took up, except when it was necessary for me to do so in taking some of them off the hook.

I have frequently made excursions into the wilderness for a couple of days, accompanied by some friend, with a boy to take charge of the horses, and to dress and manage the fish we caught; when, if amusement could be calculated by the number of fish we killed, ours certainly must have been of a very high order; for two of us have bagged upwards of thirty scores in a single twenty-four hours, out of which about nine hours were taken up in smoking and sleeping, without reckoning those consumed at meals. The trout found in the solitary streams of the forest might be taken with almost any kind of artificial flies, provided they could be fished with; but, owing to the nature of the woods, it is impossible to make use of a line more than a few feet in length; and it is equally necessary that it should be well loaded with sinkers, in order to keep it from entangling where you have to drop it through small openings in the branches, and among numerous leaves and small fibres.

Where no skill or science is necessary to ensure success, angling, like any other diversion where the feelings are interested and excited, loses its chief, its most delightful charm. *Quantity* is very frequently but an indifferent substitute for quality; and I would infinitely prefer spending the greater part of a fine spring day by the side of one of our own delightful valley-streams in killing four or five dozen good-sized trout, to passing a long, lonely, and toilsome day in the rude wilderness of the west, though ten times the number should be the reward of my labor.

I will here add a curious discovery I made when setting long float-lines in the American lakes for the grey trout. The water where this occurred was about one hundred feet deep; while the baited lines were not over fifteen or twenty feet long, and consequently eighty feet at the least from the bottom. One morning, in the latter part of summer, I visited my lines as usual, and found a fine eel, weighing upwards of three pounds, on one of the hooks; and although this was the first instance of the kind I had heard of, during several succeeding weeks, I daily took as many eels as trout, some of them weighing upwards of four pounds; in short, they were the richest and most delightful fish of the kind I had ever caught. Had either extremity of my main, or floating line, extended into the shallow water near the shore, I might have conjectured that these eels had discovered the bait near the extremity of the line, and thus have been induced to pass on from bait to bait until they reached the deep water; but this was not the case; both ends of the line being anchored in the deep. On other occasions I have been exceedingly annoyed at finding nearly all my floats in motion; when, on drawing up the bait-lines, instead of a number of fine salmon-trout I found their places supplied by as many filthy cat-fish, shaped like a parcel of tadpoles. Then came the difficulty of unattaching them, for the hooks were invariably buried in the thick and tough folds of the stomach, the prickly fins rendering it exceedingly difficult to handle them without having the hands severely wounded. The easiest way of disposing of these "ugly customers," when they happened to leave their haunts along the sedgy shores, and wander out into the deep water to annoy me, was that of hauling them up to the surface, and cutting off the lines close to the fish's mouth—letting them escape with my hooks sticking fast in their stomachs, to be digested at their leisure, and to serve as a warning to them for the future. The shad is a delicious sea-fish, and ascends many of the American rivers, some hundreds of miles, during the spring, when it is caught in great numbers. The shad and mackerel caught at that season are salted down in vast quantities, and become during the rest of the year staple articles of provision in the back settlements.

London Sporting Review.

A PRECIOUS FAMILY.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND, ESQ.

Although I have not unfrequently encountered my friend Charles since presenting him here, I know not that I should again have brought him into public, but for a recent occurrence so paramount, that I must beg leave to complete one entire epoch of his chronicles. I have already said he was always a hero, but like many of his illustrious predecessors, some of his successes have been so dearly bought, that well might he have exclaimed, "Another such will undo me!" Like the tattered suitor who in dismal exultation proclaimed he had gained his cause—being in fact only a few threads better than his adversary who had lost it, so has been much of his *bonne fortune*; and when frequently he would have persuaded himself he had been felicitously appropriating all the applause, it has been rather after the example of Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, against whom the joke was cruelly turned, than of any greater or more unequivocal champion of Christendom. In truth, Charles had never learnt that most useful of lessons, to say "No." His pliability was always in the market, and his assent at the disposal of every caterer for provisions. He had a certain natural consignment of wit, which he appeared to hold as a kind of moral dispensary, to which every pauper had access, though bringing with him no letter of recommendation. In truth, the small vanity which possessed him of being accounted popular, would not allow him to see in how variform a manner he was made use of, and while he thought he was laying up something valuable for to-morrow, he was at the cheap disposal of every exigent acquaintance of yesterday.

I had not arrived in town many days, when a familiar rap at the door announced my most welcome visitor. His looks at once advertised a new volume of transactions, but his manner was somewhat nervous and hurried, and his eye rather wandered in anxiety than danced in delight.

"Well, my Hermes of all that's marvellous and stirring," said I, "what is it, in either heaven or earth occupies you now? Charles," continued I, attempting to fix him in a chair—"This is no accidental visit—you are come to place some confidence in me. Believe me, I am never better prepared, than when your friendship calls upon me, however suddenly."

About as successfully would he have persuaded me he was at ease, as vanity affects the step of unconscious pain in a tight shoe, and when he smiled in return, it was by no means unlike one who has chapped lips, dreading the cracked skin; nor were my thick-coming fancies at all quieted, on seeing him thrust a poker into a bouquet of choice flowers, doubtless with the expectation of stirring them into a blaze, which, this being the 21st of June, I had placed in my midsummer stove. "To say the least of it, this is as unreasonable as unseasonable," thought I, "he has had some unpleasant difference, peradventure, with his dearest friend—some combustion of honor; or his dearest friend may have just quitted him on a long absence, leaving him a dishonored bill, as P P.P., with the funds of most ample ingratitude to satisfy more acceptances than that of poor Charles.

"Come, come!" interrupted I, "daylight rises on your masquerading, and the colors of your disguise show rather sickly than charming. Throw it aside—and if anything disagreeable has happened——"

"—Disagreeable!" interposed he; "How entirely you mistake me! Disagreeable! is it possible you can suppose that any thing disagreeable has happened, when I am come to tell you—to tell you——"

"—What is it you are come to tell me? If it be good, believe me, I shall not be the less inclined to share it with you."

It was now for the first time he really *did* laugh—no counterfeit, but a true token of his hearty temper. "No, no," cried he, "that will be quite impossible. I can enter into no further partnership in this account; it wouldn't look well in the gazette, and the respectability of the firm would materially suffer; for the fact is—" and here, slightly relapsing into his first disorder, whilst with the rapid finger of a banker's clerk, he turned over the leaves of a book, which happened to contain my own private memoranda—"for the fact is," faltered he—"I am going to be married."

"Married!" I vociferated, "married, Charles! When—where - how—and to whom?"

When striding hastily to the window, and flourishing with his fore-finger a great C on a pane of glass.

"To whom!" reiterated he. "Whom! why, to Constantia, to be sure."

"Constantia! and Constantia, *to be sure!* Now, who on earth is Constantia?"

"Oh! Constantia—" and here, he achieved a still larger C—"Constantia Wopshott—and I am come really, my dear fellow, to request——"

"Hold! hold!" I would have interposed—"Constantia who?"——

"—To request you will be good enough—as you are my oldest friend, you know——"

"—Yet, stay! not quite so fast. Const——"

But no, not a hair's shadow of a chance would he give to my most harmless and natural inquiry. His refuge was in the rapidity and continuousness of his tongue. On he went—many things—all things, but the lady's name, were repeated. How happy *he* would be—how gratified *she* would be—how surprised *I* must be! And it was not until he had far outstripped my importunity by many a mile, and fairly distanced the exhausted question, that he brought himself to a halt, and when he did so, it was most adroitly done, by closing on me the barrier of a question himself.—"Do you think me, then, so ill suited to such a change of condition?"

"I must first know the condition you are in," I answered; and willing to relieve him from the apprehension of further pursuit, begged to hear where the family resided. But this second request struck me nearly as unadvised as the former, though really it could scarcely have been deemed ill-timed, and again I perceived my friend Charles far from a state of repose. He stood, however, but a few moments on the brink of reply, and perceiving he could not avoid the plunge, manfully threw himself into it, and though his respiration naturally enough encountered some check in the struggle, yet he satisfied me by saying,

"Warren street—Warren street, New-road—that is, Regent's-park—the Wopshotts, of Warren street. Do you know them? the Wopshotts? they visit every body, I assure you—it's astonishing the number of people they know."

Understanding I should here offer some token of assent, I bowed my head.

"Oh! indeed—I assure you," proceeded he, "I am not at all endeavoring to—but—Constantia *is* a most superior person, and has refused," measuring himself in the glass, "many excellent offers—indeed Singleton, of the Bays, declares she was positively *la belle hyacinthe* at the late horticultural display."

I now saw that it would be downright inhumanity to be too sincere with poor Charles, for I really began to suspect he had again mistaken defeat for conquest, and held an engagement to be married as some proof of the condition of the heart—not that I doubted his weakness for the fair Constantia, but I suspected other machinery than the simple operation of his own feelings had been employed in so sudden a completion of the business; I thereupon merely requested to know how near at hand was the accomplishment of the affair.

"I apprehended," said he, "the rapidity of my marches would not a little amaze you, but you shall learn the particulars by a letter, which I received a week ago from Constantia's mother."

"Her mother!"

"Yes—you know, it was a very natural thing she should write to me, and really she expresses herself with so much candour—such a proper feeling—that—but here, you shall read for yourself." Saying which, he produced a letter; and on my taking it, again turned his attention to the mirror, and contemplated the portrait therein, with far greater interest than falls to the lot of family pictures in general. I read as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"From the very marked attention with which you have for some time regarded my sweet child, Constantia, and particularly the other evening at Mrs. Doughty's ball, I think it due to my family to suggest that some explanation on your part should take place. Constantia, my dear sir, is of the most gentle and affectionate disposition in the world—open-hearted, and without reserve: she speaks what she thinks, and is altogether free from that silly affectation which too frequently distinguishes the youthful debutantes of the present day. Mr. Wopshott and myself are passionately devoted to the sweet girl, and although, Heaven knows, it will cost us many a bitter pang to part with her, yet we cannot but be aware that looking forward to the settlement of children, is a wise and prudential part of parental obligation; that they may find timely protectors in the place of those, whom sooner or later it will please Divine Providence to deprive them of. Constantia's feelings are certainly deeply engaged. You, my valued sir, have made yourself master of her affections. The course to follow is not for me to point out to one of Mr. Charles Westbourne's exemplary character—he well understands the uncompromising principle of honor; a principle from which my admired friend has never been known to swerve. Mr. Wopshott, you may be aware, has a large family, but no expense has been spared on Constantia's education. She paints beautifully—I may say, artistically,—particularly insects, shells and all testaceous fish. She accompanies herself on the guitar—was nine months at St. Omers for the sole purpose of completing herself in the French language, and is now making considerable advances in Zotti's Italian Grammar. Nor can I withhold mentioning her maps in worsted—they are incomparable, and she worked a poodle dog, which her aunt Flamstead declares positively surpasses nature.

"Grace, our eldest girl, poor thing, is unfortunately (as you may know, my dear sir) totally imbecile, and therefore never goes out. Our dear Constantia comes next. Samuel, our eldest boy, is just out of his articles, and has set up for himself in Featherstone buildings. Prudence, the third girl, is taken much notice of by a distant relation of Mr. Wopshott, an old lady, most enormously rich, and who lives constantly at Devizes. Peter, the next, is doing well at the Bluecoat-school—a little wild, perhaps, but what can you expect at his age?—boys will be boys, you know, Mr. Westbourne. Alfred John, our sixth, is yet young, and under the instruction of a gentleman of Crutched-friars, and Mary Matilda, quite an infant, promises to grow up very like a certain sweet sister of hers, whose name you shall guess.

"Mr. Wopshott's situation at the — office is worth, with all its advantages, about £382 a year. He has two leasehold houses in Pimlico, near to the Gun Tavern, and some small ground-rents (which I am told are the best kind of property) not far from the 'Peacock,' at Islington, of which, our mutual friend Mrs. Doughty, pays him the bulk. Mr. Wopshott would have had the pleasure of addressing a letter to you himself; but that his duties at his office occupy so much of his mornings, he really is unequal to the task; and when he reaches our family table, poor man, he is so exhausted, that he frequently retires even before our little lobster reunions in the evening.

"Poor Constantia! I will narrate to you an incident of this very morning. You know how fond she is of reading:

"'Constantia,' said I, 'what passage is it of Mrs. Barbauld's letters which so interests you?'

"'Oh, nothing mamma,' replied she, placing the book aside. On which I took it up; and what think you, Mr. Westbourne, was the paragraph? I must transcribe it:

"'A considerate woman will be ever anxious to please her husband in trifles. The great obligations in life, he will consider as the duty, but the lesser attentions will be received as favors!'

"So you see Mr. Westbourne, how our children are brought up.

"We shall expect you at tea, as usual, to-morrow, and pray don't forget to bring your flute—you served us a sad trick the last time. Where did you pick up that sweet song, 'Is there a heart that never loved?' And now, my dear sir, with warmest esteem, and best wishes for your health and happiness,

"Believe me, yours, GRACE WOPSHOTT.

"P.S. Peter is very anxious to show you his rabbits, which he keeps in our back-yard. He has a pair in one hutch, beautifully marked, and he has christened them Charles and Constantia; but his father appears a little displeased, as he thinks it is taking too great a liberty with your name. How is your dear mother?

"P.S. Be early."

The perusal of this precious epistle, did not so totally engross my attention as to render me unmindful of the fantastic evolutions of my friend. He watched me as narrowly during the recital, and as anxiously waited its effect, as a medical practitioner under a sudden misgiving of having visited his patient with the wrong drug!

Deliberately folding the letter, without a single comment thereon, I returned it into Charles's possession. He was evidently nettled, vexed; and as I volunteered no opinion, was happy to find him too proud to ask it.

After some pause, however, I said, "What, my dear fellow, have you quite forgotten our favorite poet,

'No mothers choose their daughters for your wife,
No brothers cast their bullets for your life?'

But you tell me the affair is fixed—and now command me, Charles—I am quite at your service."

With a flushed cheek he thanked me.

"I own," said he, "there is something absurd in this epistle. These sort of things do afford provocations for the ridiculous to those who, like yourself, have a fond perception for it; but when you see Constantia, you will better understand my good fortune."

To this succeeded another categorical effort in the family cause. How Mr. W., in the year 1828, might easily have succeeded to a very distinguished office, but for the untoward death of Mr. Canning—how he had been consulted in the renewal of the East India Charter in 1813—his prophetic advice to Lord Keith in 1804, on the failure of his famous "catamarans," and even went so far as to hint the Wopshott claim to a certain dormant peerage. But still I did not wish him joy. I thought he had committed a blunder, and he clearly saw I thought so.

"You are come to ask me to the wedding?" said I.

"Indeed I am," he replied, "on Thursday next, the 26th. Come, I have taken you a little by surprise, I see; but the affair is fixed, and on Thursday I am to be married. At twelve o'clock you will be there?"

"At twelve o'clock. *There*—but where?"

"Why, Warren-street," answered he, somewhat petulantly. "I am sure I gave you the address of Mr. Wo——, of my father-in-l—, of Constantia's house. You can't mistake it—it is the best in the street—and I believe you will meet rather a desirable party. Sir William Coppertop—"

"—Yes, yes,—I know my dear Charles," interrupting him by a laugh, in which he readily joined; "but I will not put you to all this trouble. I will be 'there' at the hour you mention, and wish you all this world's happiness into the bargain."

On the 26th, a little before noon, I stepped into my cab, and took the direction of Warren-street. It was a morning made for a wedding. "The sun today shone like a beau in his new birthday suit," and the effulgent dome of the London University, rose a new Heliopolis under his rays. Taking my course

by the chart Charles had given me, I encountered some little delay, owing to his omission therein of Fitzroy-square, which I was afterwards advised would have been a far more positive line than that which he had been pleased to lay down for me. I reached the spot, however, sufficiently early to gratify my curiosity by a slight survey of the neighborhood, and alighting at the corner made my way into it on foot. I soon discovered No. —. Charles had informed me I could not miss it, as it was the best house in the street, and so it appeared to be; but a most roomy hackney conveyance, looking very like the fruitful mother of sundry cub cabs, by which it was surrounded, just drawn up to its door, indicated more positively the place to which I was devoted; whilst the windows of the opposite tenements being crowded by heteroclite groups, as opera-boxes at play-house prices, clearly demonstrated no less than a wedding at No. —.

Having just noticed two very animated white bonnets, escorted by a bald gentleman in nankeens, and a tall youth, descend from the first-named vehicle, I felt assured I was in excellent time; a coincidental impression being evidently entertained by the gentleman with depilatory brows, from the ten minutes coachman, as to the just remuneration for the accommodation the family had received. Walking leisurely round to the rear of this pile of building, I found myself in the New-road, and perceived that No. —, in community with other numbers, enjoyed the advantage of a garden front, looking into sundry stone-cutters' yards—Memnons and Saracens' heads; and into the premises of others, most extensively associated with the pursuits of natural history—the screaming of macaws, the crowing of cocks, and the yelping of pugs. The New-road windows of No. — had been widely thrown open, for it was a very warm day, and from the uninterrupted gaze I had into the apartment, brilliant in female beauty and spotless attire, I was forcibly reminded of the court of St. James's, seen from the Mall on the birthday. Amusement appeared to be mutually given and received between the wedding party and the passing omnibuses—the former deriving much glee in the rapid succession of these vehicular freebooters; but the itinerants of the New-road had considerably the advantage in this participation.

But I had loitered long enough, and retracing my steps, knocked at the door of Mr. Wopshott. The passage was crowded with attendants—men and boys—between whom there was clearly as great an imparity of station as stature. "My Lord Duke," in rather a showy livery, with his friend "Sir Harry," occupied a small back-parlour, to whom a gentleman in corduroy trousers and coatless sleeves, was in the act of offering some madeira, just decanted for the august party above. Here, a third, whom I at once discovered to be the family footman, by the extraordinary bustle and excitement he exhibited, demanded my name—an extremely stunted and hard-featured young man, in a profuse perspiration and yellow smallclothes; but being at that moment called aside on the far more absolute business of stemming a torrent proceeding from the collision of two quart bottles, I made my own way into the drawing-room.

Many persons were arrived—but to my fancy, the apartments had a kind of Vauxhall-by-daylight appearance, the decorations being of that description, which it is the faculty of the lamp alone to illustrate. A *dejeune a la fourchette* being appropriated to this same chamber, contributed not greatly to the comfort of guests so numerous, which like the warriors of Cadmus, were sorely jostling each other; and much well-intended amenity underwent a sudden change thereby, not greatly dissimilar to small-beer in a certain state of the atmosphere.

My first object was to discover my friend, whom I eagerly sought amidst the throng of illustrious foreigners. I soon perceived him—patiently, he appeared to be listening to a lengthy detail from a lady, by whose joyous and exuberant manner, I might have presumed the mother of Constantia, had not her dress, distinguished from the girdle to the flounce by an uninterrupted course of cockle-shells, offered me more undeniable evidence of the truth. From a slight accession of color in Charles's countenance (for he is rather addicted to those extemporaneous suffusions) I found he had noticed me. Threading his way to the spot where I was standing,

"I am so happy," said he, grasping my hand, "indeed, I am so happy you are here!" And with some indication of humor at the corner of his mouth, he added, "We are rather more numerous than I had expected to-day: but let me at once introduce you to my wife—Constantia."

In obedience, I followed him; when taking a lady aside from a tall, prelatic-looking personage, who, by his bland propinquity of speech and person to the fair object, must have been the officiating clergyman, introduced me to Mrs. Charles Westbourne.

To confess the truth, I acted my part somewhat awkwardly, being, for some reason or other, not altogether prepared for the impressions I received. A countenance, decidedly handsome—feminine, yet expressive—a manner, gracious and self-possessed—a presence, in which dignity itself was blended with the fascinations of youth, and an address perfectly charming, represented the bride of my friend Charles—the chosen companion of his future days! Whilst the qualities of her, to whom I was this day to be made known, remained undisclosed, and whilst as yet ignorant what claims she might have on my esteem, I had still determined to express my welcome at this commencement of our friendship; but now as I felt how due those congratulations really were, and how undeniable my sentiments were to become, I knew not in what language to declare the truth.

"I am sure," said I, addressing her, "I cannot utter any thing more acceptable to you, than the true conviction I have of my friend's happiness. His sincere nature will discover for itself a far higher satisfaction, than it can hitherto have done, by a devotion to one so worthy its noblest exertion."

She replied to me with great sweetness, and in such a way as assured me, I had gratified her far more in speaking handsomely of Charles, than in pronouncing any conventional civilities to herself. A few minutes terminated our conversation. Constantia now moved to another part of the room, much to the discomfort, as I fancied, of the officiating clergyman, who having employed the interval in sundry glasses of champagne, had confidently awaited the lady's return, doubtless considering her his indefeasible property.

This gentleman, I have since learned, was one of those who very justly never considered an obscure origin any barrier to the advances of real merit. For he had heard of Thomas Cromwell the blacksmith, and Thomas Wolsey the butcher—no one understood the state of a parliamentary petition better than he did, and no one could be more useful for the time being to one party, from the confidence into which he had been admitted, in the patronage he had received by another.

For a few minutes, I was unconscious of the surrounding scene. The beauty and deportment of Constantia had charmed—had surprised me. Whence did this arise? "How begot, how nourished!" The taste, the intercourse, the habits of this family could not be concealed. In plain English, they were vulgar people—but Constantia! is it possible she should have had no better example! I could only look on her as one of those rare instances, which constitute the memorable in life. She seemed born with an irrepressible perception of the beautiful and elevated—her mind had a natural affinity with intrinsic things alone, and wherever planted could only expand in its native beauty. The sudden recollection of all the absurdities which had so signalized her mother's letter to Charles, caused me involuntarily to smile, while I thought how preferable were even slander itself, to the rhetoric there lavished in poor Constantia's praise: yet I must be permitted to say, I did observe a poodle dog in worsted, and admirably well-worked it was—it quite surpassed nature!

Awaiting a convenient opportunity for being presented to the master and mistress of the establishment, I resumed my general inspection of the company. As for the men, they appeared to consist, for the greater part, of young persons of diffident manners, but most confident costume—a *retenue* ill-assorted to their garb—nor very unlike those warriors, who, having abundantly armed themselves for conquest, found they had neither strength nor courage to wield their weapons. To their elders they paid the most disciplined respect—a troop of subalterns from the War-office, Navy-office, and Tax-office, who had been taught to look on the senior salaries of the War-office, Navy-office and Tax-office with the same awe as a youngster when first invited to the admiral's cabin, or a freshman at Cambridge, introduced to the tea-parties at the master's lodge. But the grades of public offices are sacred and inviolable, and seventy pounds a year would as little presume to break fealty to one hundred and fifty, as an attorney's clerk to ask the lord chancellor to supper.

There was near me two elderly gentlemen, who had been in earnest conversation ever since I entered the room—the one, the master of the house, the other a retired public pensioner, enjoying £450 per annum, after a provident servitude of full half a century. Mr. Gorcum was an old bachelor, who having in earlier life, with great foresight, quarrelled with all his relatives, lest at any time they should ask favors of him, had lately made a great convenience of the Wopshott family, and as he was reputed to be extremely rich, he never found them unprepared to extend to him any personal accommodation whatever. His costume was not a little peculiar—for his shoes were of that thickness, with which the tanner, in the child's spelling-book, would have defended the besieged city—the shape, rather that of a flat-bottomed boat, so that he appeared (to use the words of some modern humorist) to have placed each foot into the middle of a coal-barge, and feloniously walked away with the same. As to the stockings—those hanging in heavy festoons about his legs, were clearly manufactured at a period when the art of weaving had not attained the perfection it has in our day,

"Rough and rugged like the Russian bear."

and entangling in their hirsute surface a world of straws, hay-seeds, and disabled blue-bottles. The smallclothes, fitting with cutaneous adhesion, were black, and so was the waistcoat, and so also was the coat—that is, I have said black, from utter despair of fixing on any other known color. The collar was flap, the pockets flap, the lappels were flap, and the tail, most unquestionably was flap—it was a flapping black sea, undulating at this moment from the north-west winds which swept the continent of the Regent's Park. As a member of the old school, he wore a stock, which, like the strangling collars of Dionysius, seemed rather invented for death than life, and most successfully aiding that interesting determination of blood to the northern extremity, by which so many invaluably old gentlemen are suddenly taken off.

Gorcum was in truth a perfect Trojan, and never was there a countenance better fitted to endure a ten years' siege than his—his eternal hippopotamus visage looked to scorn "the slings and arrows of outrageous" time, which fell blunted before it. Its complexion, an imperfect mixture of cochineal, sienna, and burnt umber, except on the more prominent part of the nose, on whose vermiculous top the Prussian blue mostly prevailed. It was a face, in fact, to cut up into mahogany tables, but that it was also a lignum vitæ which defied all more delicate manufacture.

Like too many of your "warm men in the city," he had taken up the immunity of behaving bluntly to every one, and his acquaintances repaid his rudeness with a vast accumulated interest of civility, so that he could scarcely be blamed for putting out his coarseness to such usurious advantage. Amongst the foremost, with whom he had transactions of this kind, were the heads of this family, and though neither the occasion nor the company appeared to give him the least satisfaction, his ill-humor conferred an honor, which the conscience of his host alone understood.

My introduction to the worthies of Warren-street was now accomplished. The master, whom I found to be precisely what I had expected, a stiff, pompous gentleman, "slow of speech, and of slow tongue," carried the whole dignity of the —— office about him. The red book had taught him familiarty with many distinguished names, and as he daily looked into the same, it did his heart good to find himself in such unexceptionable company. The mistress, a vain, silly woman, whose weakness, had it been confined to this occasion, might have met with some palliation; but hers was a spontaneous folly in everlasting bloom, with which she was at all times decorated.

Still more and more did the beauty and character of Constantia amaze me; but the present was no moment for reflections like these. The repast was now the leading object of operation, and the hum of epulary commerce resounded on every side. Two autumnal ladies—a yellow toque and red gown, with her neighbor in bottle-green—had already made great advances into a perigord pie, but Mr. Gorcum, who occupied a large arm-chair, and an exclusive bottle, demanded the best attention, and had it.

But here the high notes of a lady all blonde and orange-blossom, riveted my new astonishment, whom, had slenderer demands been made upon the toilet, I might have been inclined to pronounce a fine woman. Retaining little else of youth, but the frivolity of a child, the regard of a few was far less esteemed by her than the observation of all. This was the lady who, beyond all doubt, belonged to "my Lord Duke," whom I had passed recumbently sipping his madeira in the back-parlor. She occupied a house in May Fair—was familiar with the Christian names of sundry officers of the Guards—her entertainments had found a place in the *Morning Post*, and her equipage by no means indicated the least dread of observation.

"My dear Mrs. Wopshott," cried she, "where did you pick up those wreaths? Pray, are they the native taste of these districts?" At which no one laughed with greater glee than Mrs. Wopshott herself. "And, tell me now, whom have you got together here? By the by, I intend you shall present your new son-in-law to me presently—I hear he is a very tolerable person."

"Oh, indeed! my dear Mrs. Dangerfield," replied the other, rising.

"Nay, nay," interrupted her lively guest, "I can wait with marvellous patience, I assure you;" then fixing her eyes on no less a personage than Mr. Gorcum—"tell me," continued she, in a most audible whisper, "is that an escape from the Zoological gardens!"

It was quite obvious that Mrs. Dangerfield had attended the Warren-street *fete* for the sole purpose of producing an effect, and no time was to be lost.

"Tell me," she proceeded, which is your daughter—the bride, I mean—have you any more girls? Is that *la belle mariée?*" pointing at the same time to a tall red-headed young woman, to whom one of the gentlemen of the emblazoned waistcoats had just ventured to observe, "It was extremely warm."

"No, no—my dear lady," again replied the other, and again attempting to rise; but not so was the permission of Mrs. Dangerfield.

"I'll undergo these things presently," added she, and suddenly turning to another waistcoat, who was engaged in handing some ice to a lady near him, cried, "'bliged to you, Mr.—but I'll take some chocolate—nay, stay, I decline taking anything—I've changed my mind."

"Yes, ma'am, and you'll be the better for it; though you'll have some difficulty in finding any one disposed to the barter."

This speech, which was of course uttered by old Gorcum, far more disconcerted our supple hostess than her indomitable friend, and with great presence of mind, she betook herself to sundry chicken-bones which some one had most opportunely left in her vicinity.

I was now about seeking Charles, but observing him in earnest conversation with his bride at a distance, to which he had escaped, I did not interrupt him. Some of the mature ladies, having by this time beat a retreat from the table, after repeated hints from the more valiant of the young men, they all "attended the board," and Mr. Wopshott joining his son-in-law and daughter in a remoter part, they were inspired with fresh courage, and commenced a general fire on the various impoverished dishes. The little footman in yellow smallclothes was, if possible, in still greater operation than before, and assisted or impeded, as it might have been, by his colleague in corduroys, kept up a clatter of plates that was truly animating. This little footman, who was really a most active person, and though chal'enged by twenty voices in as many different directions, would yet have got through his complicated duties tolerably well had it not been for the assistant waiter, against whom, his face, like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, was seven times heated—and his repeated anathemas of "stupid hound!" and "fool of a man!" tended not a little to the exhilaration of the party. The Olympic Theatre, Quadrant cigars, and Surrey Gardens afforded lively matter for conversation, and a certain sly allusion to "Eliza P." shot from one gentleman at another, completely unbridled their merriment.

"Upon my soul you are handsome!"

"Nay, do you think so?"

"But *you* do, and I would agree with you in everything."

The above sparkling repartee occasioned me to turn round, and I discovered a person who had just entered the room, addressing himself to a lady of most uberous presence, and who appeared to have despised all covering but that which was unequivocally useful.

An exclamation from the young men, "Here's Pounce! here's Pounce at last! now we shall have some fun," put me in immediate possession of his name. He had a bushy, lanigerous head, and his black twin whiskers, buried in a redundancy of shirt collar, met in close fraternal love at the point of his chin. An expansive white waistcoat, surmounted by a plum-color coat, with basket buttons, completed the first division of his figure, and peach-blossom pantaloons made up the entire man.

This gentleman was in the medical line, but by profession a wit. His visits were always the prelude to something funny—wherever he appeared there was a lively look of anticipation on every countenance, and his "tail" collected about him, to participate in the earliest words he could utter. Pounce was "*so* famous for his good things," and "what Pounce said the other day," was absolutely canonized in Islington. He had a continual mental incubation, and seemed thoroughly imbued with the advice of Longinus, "always to excel"—though to a very humble judgment, he appeared at this moment the very Nestor of Folly.

"We are happy to see you, though late," ejaculated Mrs. Wopshott, with much apricity of feature, "we know you are always so cheerful—so clever!"

"Why, madam, 'tis my calling to open a vein," replied he; "but the fact is, I have been retained against a most obstinate malady, and I much fear my client will have a verdict against him"—here a vast number of young men laughed—"the undertaker will enter up judgment in a few days;" and the delicate metaphor was altogether irresistible.

"Pounce, Pounce!" vociferated one of the ephemera, "we'll make room for you here."

"That's brave, my good fellows," said he, taking his seat. "Why—here we are—four-and-twenty bachelors all of a row. No, thank ye, no coffee; I don't like to be so early in my cups. Ay, ay! a little of that chicken; for, like nature, I abhor a *vacuum*." (Continued laughter.") "By Jove! if I were to prescribe for myself now, I should say, 'To be repeated every six hours, with the draughts as before,'" swallowing a glass of wine. (Increased laughter)

"Pounce," interposed another gossamer, "should'nt we ask Captain Westbourne to take some wine with us? *You* can, you know."

"Hush! he takes nothing but 'Constantia'—the pledges, all by and by. What have you got there?"

"Some tongue."

"Ay! then let us look at your tongue," and the dish was forthwith handed over amidst one universal roar.

Scorched by this parhelion, I once more sought Charles and his interesting bride. To the minutes which ensued, I attribute a confidence reposed in me; and if I understood Constantia rightly, she was gratified in perceiving how totally I acquitted her from any willing participation in much that I had this morning witnessed. Prudence, one of her bridemaids, like a walking lady in a tragedy, had scarcely quitted the hem of her garment, except to restrain, as far as possible, the *sottises* of Peter from the Bluecoat-school—for under her *surveillance* the boy had been especially placed, for the purpose of preventing him from eating of everything he saw. He had, however, considered the various fragments of cut cake to fall justly to a younger brother's share, and his gleanings had done considerable credit to his pabulary diligence, till, in fact, unable to eat any longer, the ill-temper, so consequent on an overloaded stomach, fell exclusively to the share of Prudence.

For some time past the officiating clergyman had discovered in Mrs. Dangerfield a personage quite worthy of his best attentions.

"—And as I was telling you," cried she, "at a ball in Bryanston-square, I had one of the most dear little watches ever brought to this country—given me by a near connexion of mine, whose name, I protest at this moment, I have forgotten—*mais peu importe*. Well, in the midst of a delightful gallopade, the little darling fell to the ground. Colonel Cox—you must know Colonel Cox—struck it with his spur with such violence that it shivered into a thousand pieces—the most interesting little bits you can conceive—you've no idea how mortified he looked—it was the most amusing thing in the world—the very recollection of his countenance made me laugh during my whole drive home!"

"Admirably told!" my dear madam, observed the reverend gentleman, with a mansuetude peculiar to himself; "but do you place no applause to the account of your charming forbearance in this incident? believe me—;" but here the divine continued in so low and a tone, that the remainder of the speech only found its way into the ears of her for whom it was intended.

Mr. Wopshott, with much gravity, and some slight indication of dissent, had now suddenly turned aside from the gentleman with the bald temples, whom, two hours before, I had noticed emerging from a hackney-coach—but now, in nowise daunted by the rebuff, he had applied himself to Mr. Pounce, who, with the quickness of lightning, was now on his legs and in the attitude of a speech.

"I am requested to announce to you, ladies and gentlemen, that Master Hannibal Rowbottom will favor us with the 'Death of Nelson,' by way of epithalamium!"

The attention of the company was instantaneously directed to a certain corner of the room, deep in the recess of which, sat a tall, raw-boned youth, his eyes bent on the ground, and each hand awkwardly embracing its collateral knee. He had a short jacket, short sleeves, short trousers, and extremely short hair; but he had a long waistcoat, long hands, long feet, and a remarkably long nose. Yet the observation which had just been made, had no effect on his imperturbability. Master Hannibal Rowbottom was altogether different from other lads—he did nothing like them—in fact, he did nothing at all but sing the "Death of Nelson!" He neither rode, read, fished, nor played at cricket—nothing but sing the "Death of Nelson!" Had Nelson never died, in all probability he had never been born—he had sung the "Death of Nelson" three hundred and sixty-five times in every year, and his hour was come. Raising not his eyes, but far otherwise his lungs, he at once began. It was a long, strong, and pull-altogether piece of business—he began and ended—and with hands and knees just as before, faded he into silence, until at some hour to-morrow, when he should be again invoked to sing the "Death of Nelson!"

During the latter part of this extraordinary exhibition, some smart sparring had taken place between Mr. Gorcum and the *spirituelle* Mrs. Dangerfield; for although that gentleman had never in his days looked with favor on any thing, yet he considered a few half-tokens of approbation might here be placed to considerable interest in assailing the sensibility of the lady. These intellectual gladiators had been for some time in the field; but on Gorcum's reminding her not to value herself like old china, only for her antiquity, she took refuge in the sanctuary of her reverend friend's sympathetic mind, and contenting herself with calling her persecutor a brute, in which the peacemaker cordially joined, she turned abruptly from this division of the party.

The *paroles musquées* of the parson had met with success. It had been his ambition to propitiate a fine woman residing in May Fair, and he had greatly improved the opportunity. She had begun playfully to banter him on the *crassa Bœotii*, who were still blessed by his ministry, east of Barbican, where that gentleman was pastor, but on the sincerity of his assurance, that he knew but little of his own parishioners, the lady was completely satisfied, and an invitation to May Fair for the ensuing Wednesday became the first pledge of her regard.

A violent uproar proceeding from the lower chambers, now occasioned universal consternation—the little footman, it was clear, had been suffering no slight indignity; and scarcely had the general astonishment been expressed, when the appalling figure of the ill-starred individual made its apparition at the drawing-room door. Verily, the severe discipline under which he appeared to have passed, justified his clamorous bewailings; for, like Sancho, he was one of those who left to higher characters the merit of suffering in silence. The green livery exhibited unequivocal signs of violence—the shirt-collar having disavowed all further connexion with its parent linen; while, from his heated visage, streamed a torrent of dark liquor, which was finally lost in the bright folds of his nether garments! A scream from Mrs. Wopshott summoned the whole company to rise—many rushed to the door, and the afflicted lady tottered onward in the same direction.

"For mercy's—mercy's sake, James—what is all this?"

"No—not a night, ma'am," blurted he; "not an hour will I stay in this here house. I've done my work like a man, and you knows it, missis—and I'll not put up with no sich handling from no such scurvy vagabonds!" Here another scream from our pitiable hostess, rendered the scene still more distressing.

"James! James! pray James, leave the room!" vociferated she; "what, what is all this—my dear Mr. Pounce, what *can* it be?" When Mr. Pounce, with a promptness and activity that did the greatest justice to the universality of his genius, breaking through the paralyzed group, sprang to the door, and clasping the infuriated little object in his arms, fairly carried him out of the room.

Poor Charles! and alas! alas! poor Constantia!—verily, did I feel for them both. They had been for some time meditating a quiet retreat from the paternal roof, and my offices were now most willingly extended to so desirable a purpose. Constantia had already followed her mother from the apartment, and in consultation with Charles and his crestfallen father-in-law, I waited their opportunity for a final escape.

In the late *éclat affreuse*, it appeared Mrs. Dangerfield's tall footman had taken on himself a greater assumption below stairs, than his mistress above; and having begun to shake off that gentlemanly insensibility to all around which he at first put on, a certain *foiblesse*, which had been wondrously awakened by repeated applications to the bottle, had betrayed him into some indiscreet advances, in respect to the laundress's daughter, whose services had been secured for this special occasion; and the little success which poor James, after long attendance, had made in the lady's favor, was about to be suddenly thrown over by a courtly libertine from the west end!

Irritated love seldom waits to expostulate—and no sooner had James witnessed the long arms of this hateful foreigner about the taper waist of the half-willing damsel, than he flew at him with an impetuosity only known to outraged affection, and fastening on his shoulder-knot, soon held possession of the avulsed and rattling tags, with which he laid about him like another Samson amid the Philistines. But, "my lord duke," recovering a little from his surprise, commenced no less an assault in return, and justice hobbling behind weight of metal, poor James received a most unmerciful drubbing. Nor was this all, for the victorious Carbonaro seizing a pewter vessel, still weighty in the pride of Barclay and Perkins, emptied the contents on the upturned features of his prostrate foe. Such was the awful crash which had astounded the party above stairs, ending an event in bloodshed which had began in brotherly love.

For a short time I had been absent from the proceedings in the drawing-room, and on my return beheld Pounce again in the attitude of a speech! He had felt his genius called upon to repair, as far as possible, the havoc which had lately been made on the fabric of peace, and if his attempts were laudable, they were also most unquestionably dauntless.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "we have had a storm; and although *any* port in a storm is desirable, yet (seizing a decanter) into this *most* excellent port let us now make way. (Applause and laughter.) I rise for the honor of proposing a toast. Two highly-gifted individuals have this day been joined in holy matrimony—have effected an insurance of their happiness at the Union; and may they ever find in their good policy the richest return! (Approbation after their usual manner.) Mr. Westbourne, I understand, is a military man—a son of Mars! and as like his father, as any son in her Majesty's dominions. But all praise must halt behind the merit of that lady who has become his wife. To beauty, virtue, and accomplishments, I beg to dedicate this glass! It is said that Socrates talked so eloquently of matrimony, that the wedded men ran off to their wives, and the bachelors ran off to be married. Should I have produced the same effect to-day, the result will be to me the best reward. Hip! hip! my boys! the Westbournes for ever!"

Pounce having resumed his seat amidst the most deafening cheers, the young men now awaited a speech from Charles in reply. To the mortification, however, of the party, and the ludicrous dismay of Pounce himself, the object of their inquiry was nowhere to be found. The disappointment was cruel, but Charles had, at least, escaped this latter piece of calamity—he was gone! Constantia having administered some comfort to her mother, who soon forgot her grievances at the sight of a smart travelling-chariot and imperials, which was to contain the happy pair, the departure was with little difficulty at length effected, and when I again congratulated Charles, his look appeared to imply "this day will be also memorable to my friend!"

My compliments to the family had been made, and my delay in Warren-street was, by no means, of much longer duration. The equipage of Mrs. Dangerfield was just behind me—the ebriety of the footman might have occasioned her some inconvenience, had not the reverend gentleman so admirably supplied his place. Thus attended, she entered her carriage, and, with a laudable consideration, the parson followed.

New Monthly Magazine.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Columbia Races.—We have letters from Columbia to the morning of Saturday last. The races were to conclude on that day with a race for the Citizen's Purse, for which there were five entries. A complete report will appear in our columns next week, from the pen of the senior editor. The following is a mere abstract of the running during the week.

On Monday, Nov. 25, Col FLUD's filly *Hermione*, won the Produce Stakes, of 25 subscribers. *Kate Scyton* drew her stake being lame.

Col HAMPTON's *Santa Anna* (by Bertrand Jr.,) won the four mile day, beating *Gerow* and distancing *Omega*.

The same gentleman won the Three mile purse with Imp *Emily*, beating *Jeanette*, *Berkeley*, and Col. SINGLETON's Luzborough horse, and distancing *Tom Walker*, who split his hoof.

Mr. WILSON (of Virginia) won the Two mile purse, at four heats, with our old friend, Maj JONES's fine filly *Zenobia*, beating a very strong field.

LOVELL & HAMMOND won the Mile heats, best 3 in 5, with *Elvira*, beating four others.

Col. Y. N. OLIVER has sold his horse *Monmouth*, by John Richards, dam by Duroc, to Messrs. WATKINS & MURRELL, of Glasgow, Ky. The performances of Monmouth must be fresh in the recollection of Northern turfmen. He won his honors on the Union Course and at Trenton. He ran the property of Capt. STOCKTON of New Jersey.

Monarch.—Very numerous applications have been made from different parts of the country to the owner of this splendid horse, to obtain his services for the ensuing season. Col. HAMPTON has in consequence, desired us to state thus publicly, that nothing will induce him to allow *Monarch* to leave his present location.

They are about establishing a new course at Waynesboro', N. C., to be called the "Randolph Macon" Course, of which Mr. D. MCDANIEL will be the Proprietor. From $1500 to $2000 will be offered in purses at the first meeting, which will take place on the 2d Tuesday in April next.

Attention is called to some sweepstakes which are advertised in to-day's paper, to come off over the State Course at Raleigh, N. C. The sports of the turf will soon be established on the firmest basis in North Carolina. So should it be, for the best strains of our present racing blood sprung from the old stock on Roanoke river.

Boston Trotting.—In the match recently made to come off on the Cambridge Park Trotting Course, between *Turkey* and *Young Buckskin*, for $300 a side, the latter has received forfeit.

Races not Reported.—We cannot too often call the attention of owners of winning horses to such races as have not yet been reported in this paper. It has uniformly happened that after the tables for the year have been completed, complaints have come in of the omission of this or that favorite horse. Such omissions are never properly chargeable to us. Owners will therefore urge Clerks of Courses and Secretaries of Clubs to do their duty in the premises.

JOHN LAFFORD has bought a ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Wilkes' Madison, and a bay filly by Frank, dam by John Richards. The former is named *Freedom*, and the latter *Catalpa*. They were sold by Mr. Hunt, agent for John D. Kirby.

H. & J. LEWIS, of Athens, Limestone Co., Ala., have sold the following blood stock to Ex-President HOUSTON, of Texas. Price $6000:—

No. 1. *Proclamation*, ch. h., by Arab, dam by Thaddeus, aged.
No. 2. *Martanza*, ch. m., by Sir Arthur, dam by Tecumseh—in foal to Imp Luzborough.
No. 3. Ch. f. by Proclamation, out of Sally Roy by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.
No. 4. B. f. by Wild Bill, out of Pop by Crusher, 3 yrs.
No. 5. Gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Virginia by Cripple, 1 yr.
No. 6. Gr. f. by Henry Tonson, out of No. 2, 2 yrs.
No. 7. Ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 2, 1 yr.

TRUSTEE AND TRANBY.

THEIR AFFINITY TO ENGLISH WINNERS.

Mr. Editor,—You have already given to your readers some account of the pedigree of *Charles XII.* and *Euclid*, who in last September ran a dead heat for the great Doncaster St. Leger, the first dead heat ever made for that famous prize. You did not, however, say anything about the close relation existing between those famous racers and some thorough-bred ones we have imported into this country. As this is of much importance, as showing the best strains of blood in England, and those which are most likely to improve our own blood stock, I must solicit a small space in your paper for the purpose of pointing out these affinities.

Charles XII., the winner of the St. Leger, after the dead heat, was got by Voltaire, one of the best sons of Blacklock. Voltaire ran second to Rowton (since imported) for the St. Leger in 1829. Blacklock ran second for the St. Leger in 1817, and ought to have won it. Blacklock was the sire of Velocipede, Voltaire, Brutandorf, Laurel, *Tranby*, Brownlock, *Belshazzar*, Malek, and many other good ones. The dam of Charles XII., Wagtail, (also the dam of Laurel, who ran third for the St. Leger in 1827, and proved a capital racer at all distances, and is now a good stallion, and of Belinda, who ran second for the St. Leger in 1828, and others) was got by Prime Minister, out of *Tranby's* dam, by Orville—Miss Grimstone, by Weazle, &c. &c. It is thus seen that the Orville mare brought Tranby, by Blacklock, and was the grandam of Laurel and Belinda, both by Blacklock, and of Charles XII. by Voltaire, a son of Blacklock.

Charles XII. inherits the characteristic stoutness of the family. "Bell's Life in London" says—"Charles XII.'s running for the cup and St. Leger proves him to be one of the stoutest three year olds that has been out for many years."

Euclid, who ran a dead heat, and was barely beaten by a neck for the second heat, was got by Emilius, the sire of *Priam*, winner of the Derby, and who ran second for the St. Leger, and ought to have won it—Plenipo, who won the Derby—Oxygen, who won the Oaks—Mango, who won the St. Leger—Preserve, who ran second for the Oaks—*Riddlesworth*, who ran second for the Derby, &c. His dam Marcia, the dam also of Mr. Thornhill's brother to Euclid, that won the two year old stakes at Doncaster this fall, was got by Whisker, and is own sister to Emma, the dam of Mundig, winner of the Derby, and his own brother *Trustee*, imported, who ran third for the Derby. Euclid has won six races or more this year. "Bell's Life" expresses the opinion that the first heat at Doncaster would have resulted in Euclid's favor had he not been forced against the railings in going up inside at the distance. The second and deciding heat was severely and closely contested to the last.

The late Doncaster St. Leger, therefore, adds new laurels to the already distinguished and illustrious families of Tranby and Trustee. It shows these *younger members* vanquishing easily all other competitors, and nobly and doubtfully contending against each other for the greatest prize in the world. J.

P.S. I have heard doubts expressed whether Tranby carried 157 lbs. in Mr. Osbaldeston's match, and made his second heat in eight minutes. There is no doubt of the fact. I make some extracts from the Sporting Magazine, 1831:—"In the twelfth round he mounted the best horse he rode during the day, Mr. Gully's Tranby, and nobly was he carried by him."—"Was again on Tranby, and did his work at the quickest pace during the day—eight minutes. This is great galloping; Mr. Osbaldeston rode 11 st. 2 lb."—"In the forty-fifth the gallant Tranby went his last round (8th) with undiminished game and speed." Tranby was 5 yrs. old. After this match Mr. O. made a challenge to do the same distance in a shorter time, and added, "which, it must be allowed, would be a wonderful performance for 11 st. odd." Mr. Osbaldeston says in another place he rode 11 st. 3 lbs., which is 157 lbs., and he is *perhaps* the best authority. Tranby covered no good mares his first season, and very few the second.

MEDOC.

Medoc is dead. A letter from Kentucky, bearing date November 26th, informs us that he expired the evening of the 25th. Strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, till the morning of his death, by the most sanguine; in accidents of the kind, the best informed assure us that there is not one chance in five of a recovery.

Medoc was renowned upon the turf, and was sold by Mr. STEVENS, at the end of his racing career in 1833, at a price ($10,000) then deemed *very high*; at the period of his death, he was earning nearly that amount every year in the stud. His get have been so successful in Kentucky and the States further South, that he was by far the most popular native stallion in the country. When there may be more leisure at our command, it may prove a useful task to collect the performances of his progeny, and bring them conspicuously into notice To-day we must confine ourselves to the performances of Medoc upon the turf, and it would be idle to attempt a more complete record of them than we find in the following letter from his former owner, JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., to the gentleman who made the purchase of him. The letter is recorded in the 5th volume of the "Turf Register:"—

T. K. BUFORD, Esq. NEW YORK, January, 1834.

Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I transmit to you such particulars of Medoc's history as come within my knowledge, with the hope that they may prove useful, as well as gratifying, to yourself and the gentlemen whose liberality and enterprise have secured to Kentucky a horse whose progeny, I trust, will prove the means of profit and pleasure to yourselves, as well as a source of wealth and strength to the State.

He was bred by James Bathgate, Esq. (a farmer of West Chester County, State of New York), and foaled in the Spring of 1829. He was got by American Eclipse, his dam Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Midas and Cora), by Imp. Expedition; grandam the celebrated race mare Willis' Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam (the dam of the famous Nancy Air) by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. dam by Rockingham, g. g. g. g. dam by Gallant, g. g. g. g. g. dam by True Whig, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Regulus, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Diamond. So well known, and in such estimation is the blood of Eclipse and Maid of the Oaks held, by sportsmen of the North, that they rarely think it necessary to trace a horse beyond them—the performance of themselves and their respective families being of the first order, both for speed and endurance.

Medoc is a deep red chesnut, with a very full and strong coat of hair, the texture of which is evidence of health, and strength, and blood. He is, I think, one of the most mechanically formed race-horses I have ever seen: his shoulders, chest, barrel, coupling, stifle, and legs, taken together, are in my opinion more perfect than those of any other horse I know. He has a good temper, and no bad habits, together with a sound constitution; which, considering the severe and continued training he has been subjected to since three years old, is somewhat remarkable. He has not (that I know of) a single blemish.

His first appearance on the turf was in a sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats, over the Poughkeepsie track, on the 15th of May, 1832, where he beat with great ease, Mr. Wilkes' filly by Maryland Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, R. L. Stevens' Masaniello, by American Eclipse, out of Cinderella, Mr. Pearsall's Alice Grey (since so distinguished by her race with Black Maria over the Union Course,) and Mr. Gibbons' ch. c. by De Groot's Sir Harry. He won the stake ($1900) at two heats, notwithstanding he lost twenty or thirty yards at the start in each heat. I then purchased him of Mr. Bathgate, and put him into my stable, under the management of Mr. Buckley. He was trained and worked that Fall with Black Maria, O'Kelly, and Screamer, and was, in the opinion of the trainer and myself, as well fitted, and as able to run four miles and repeat as either of them. I doubt if any three year old ever received so severe a training without flinching, or affecting his limbs or appetite. I have since often regretted I did not start him for the poststake of that Fall instead of Maria, who was sadly battered by her twenty mile race (a fortnight previous) over the Union Course. During this training I gave him a trial with Masaniello, who was thought one of the fastest colts at the North, and since recorded in the Turf Register as the winner of several good races: Medoc beat him down the straight side with all imaginable ease. This run, I afterwards found to my cost, was witnessed by others beside my brother and myself. Shortly afterwards I gave him another trial with Screamer, a single two miles, over the Union Course: he three years old, carrying 90 lbs.; she four years old, carrying 101 lbs.; both in good order, and with their shoes on. He did the two miles by one watch in 3:51½, by mine in 3:52, beating her fifty or sixty yards. I then took him to Tree Hill, Richmond, where he had been entered (previous to my purchase) in a stake for three year olds, two mile heats. In consequence of the cholera, this race was postponed. I returned immediately to New York, staying only one night at Richmond. On the passage from Norfolk to Baltimore, we encountered a severe gale of wind, accompanied by heavy rains. The condition of both horses was materially injured by it; and Screamer so much so, as to take from her all chance of winning that Fall. They had travelled from New York to Richmond and back (a distance of nine hundred or one thousand miles) almost without stopping.

Shortly after this he returned to Baltimore, where, on the 23d of October, 1832, in a stake for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats, $500 entrance, h. ft., he beat with the greatest ease Col. W. R. Johnson's Herr Cline, and Mr. Botts' Methodist, carrying 86 lbs.—Time, 4:14—4:17. The time must be attributed to the state of the course, as a reference to the performance of Andrew, Black Maria, and others at the same meeting, will show.

The following Spring, on the 14th of May, 1833, on the Central Course, in a stake for four year olds, four mile heats, $500 entrance, h. ft., he beat, at four heats, Col. Wynn's Anvil (the winner of the first heat), T. D. Johnson's Florida (the winner of the second heat), and Mr. Botts' ——, by Gohanna, distancing the last two in the third heat, and winning the fourth heat easily. Julia, a full sister to Bertrand Junior, was entered in this stake by Col. W. R. Johnson, and paid forfeit. He carried 100 lbs. Time, 8:37—8:50—8:48—9:11. The track was again so deep from recent rain, as to render it impossible for a horse to make good time on it. Monsoon, Annette, and Duke of Orleans, were 4:37 doing the first heat of two miles, and Sydney, Goliah, and others, were 9:09.

Over the same course, at the same meeting, in the Fall of 1833, I again trained him with Black Maria, O'Kelly, and others, and when I thought both Medoc and Black Maria were in order, and before either had run a race, I gave them a two mile trial, with their shoes on, over the Union Course: he carried 95½ lbs., instead of 104 lbs. (the weight on the Union Course for three year olds), and she, instead of 123 lbs, carried 116 lbs. Medoc came to the post in 3:52, beating the mare sixty yards—the course by no means in good order, as those who made trials about the same time can vouch.

A fortnight after this trial the black mare, with her weight up (123 lbs.), on the same course, ran her second heat of four miles with Alice Grey in 7:50.

Some six or seven days afterwards I took Medoc and Maria to Baltimore, the condition of both being as perfect (at least in my judgment) as possible; they did not remain so long. It rained violently during the passage across the Chesapeake Bay; and on their arrival at Baltimore, they were put into stables which had been lately occupied by distempered horses. As soon as this was discovered they were shifted to others: and they leaked so badly during the night as to wet the horses' blankets through. These and other causes materially affected the condition of both. The mare I did not start; but Medoc was beaten easily, three mile heats, over the Central Course, by Mr. Garrison's Orange Boy, in 6:10—6:11. This is the only race in which Medoc was ever beaten.

From the Central, I took them to the Timonium Course; but the condition of both horses and course (owing to constant rain) was such that I did not start either of them.

From Timonium I returned to Long Island, and entered Medoc for the proprietor's purse of $400, three mile heats, against R. L. Stevens' Celeste, Capt. Stockton's Miss Mattie, Col. W. R. Johnson's Ironette, Mr. Gibbons' Sir Charles, Mr. Laird's Henry colt, and another of Mr. Vanderbelt's. A finer field of horses seldom meet, and few races have produced greater excitement. Ironette had, I believe, never been beaten, and was before starting backed heavily and freely at $100 to $70 against the field. Celeste won the first heat, with apparent ease, in 3:51. Neither Medoc nor Ironette contended for it. In the second heat Medoc got so bad a start (being fifty or sixty yards behind at the end of the first quarter) that I did not think it prudent to run for it; and the more especially so, as I felt certain Celeste would stand but little chance with Ironette, who won easily in 3:52. Medoc's running thus far had gained him so many friends that Ironette was backed freely to win, at four and five to one. One hundred dollars to twenty-five was betted and taken by one gentleman nine times over. From Medoc's style of going, and from the way he recovered from the heat, I was satisfied he was much improved since his return home. Still he had been so lately, and so much out of condition, that I would not venture a dollar on him; nor did I, either here or at Baltimore, back him for a single cent beyond the entrance. In the third heat Ironette had the track; but her utmost efforts could not keep Medoc from taking it at his first rush, nor from keeping it to the ending post. Ironette and Medoc only, started for the fourth heat; the others were distanced. Medoc took the track, and kept it throughout. This heat would have been apparently better contested, but in the first mile the boy who rode Medoc broke his stirrup-leather, which he gave as an excuse for not obeying my directions, which were, to keep head and head with Ironette (let her go what pace she might) to the distance chair, and from thence only to make the best of his way home.

This performance (which ends Medoc's career as a race-horse) places both Ironette and himself, if not first, certainly among the very first horses of the day. They have proved themselves possessed of the qualities most highly valued in all horses, viz., speed and endurance. Compare the time, weight, and distance, with those of any other race upon record, (over a mile course,) and Medoc and Ironette will be found second to none. He carried 104 lbs., she 101 lbs. They did the first heat in 5:52, the second in 5:51, the third in 5:47, and the fourth in 5:59. *His* racing days are over; but whoever encounters *her* will, I think, richly merit all he makes by it. Medoc's career, though short, has been successful, losing but one race out of five, and winning in the short space of eighteen months $6050, in purses and sweepstakes.

That Medoc's sons and daughters may resemble their sire in make, shape, and temper, and that they may equal in speed and endurance the fearless and hardy hunters of Kentucky, is the earnest hope and best wish of

Your obedient servant, JOHN C. STEVENS.

How the hopes and wishes of Mr. Stevens have been fulfilled, the Racing Calendar bears its full and unanswerable testimony. There is not a race field in Kentucky that has not been made remarkable by the performances of "Medoc's sons and daughters." The pecuniary loss to his owners, and the more substantial and irreparable loss to breeders, we most sincerely deplore.

THE WASHINGTON CONTROVERSY.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28th, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times: Sir,—I observe a communication in your paper of the 23d inst. from a Washington correspondent that I would characterize as both an intelligent and a liberal one, but who has fallen into error as to a recent occurrence on the National track, and which you have, in an editorial paragraph, in the same paper, endorsed as a correct view of the subject. I allude to the remarks on a decision of the Judges, confirmed by a very large vote of the Jockey Club, after a full hearing both of evidence and argument, in favor of Rowena against Buck Eye. I conceive that there could not have been the slightest misapprehension of the subject, or doubt of the correctness of the decision, if the rules of the Club had been properly attended to by the owner and rider of Buck Eye. I will now quote those rules, so far as they are applicable to the case decided.

The 16th rule provides as follows:—

"The foremost horse in any part of the race, shall bear in, so as to leave a free passage, on the outside, to any nags that may wish to pass, provided that any rider or nag attempting to pass on the inside, may be polled."

The 6th article states that when it is decided by the Judges

"That a horse has not brought in his proper weight, or that his rider has been guilty of foul riding, that horse shall be declared distanced."

The 7th article provides that

"All disputes shall be decided by the Judges of the day, from whose decision there shall be no appeal unless at the Judges' discretion; and no evidence shall be received of foul riding except from the President, Vice Presidents, Judges, and Stewards."

The facts of the case referred to, were, I believe, fully established, to the satisfaction of the Club, to be as follows. Buck Eye had passed Rowena fairly and with apparent ease, one-third of a mile from home. The rider of Rowena took a strong pull on the mare as soon as passed, evidently intending to throw the race on a brush; for, after coaxing Buck Eye back, he made a desperate effort, with whip and spur, to beat the horse out *on the outside*. The horse had taken his proper place on the inside, 250 yards from home, but, finding the *extreme outside* of the track *harder than the inside*, (although the latter was in *good running state*) took the extreme outside, and, in the brush the mare *had lapped her head on the outside of the horse's flank, and was apparently gaining in every jump*; but, finding the distance stand *directly in her front** he was compelled to *draw the mare out*, and run for the inside of the course. The fact that the mare came out several lengths behind on the inside, after being up to the flank of the horse, on the outside, 180 yards from home, shows, I think, the great loss of ground sustained by the mare in being compelled to pull up in her brush. The foul riding commenced about 180 to 200 yards from home, of course beyond the distance stand, (which was 130 yards) and under the eye of the deciding Judges, and more immediately so of the distance Judges. Two of the deciding Judges noticed it, *at the instant*, and pronounced it foul riding. The rider and owner of Rowena lodged a complaint, *immediately on coming up to weigh*, after the heat. The distance Judges were clear in their evidence to the facts, and that it was foul riding, and the two deciding Judges, after adding their testimony and receiving that of the only "Steward" or Patrol Judge on duty, decided against Buck Eye. The owner of Buck Eye asked permission to appeal to the Club, (a permission required by the rules) which the Judges of course granted. The Club, after a patient hearing of the testimony of the two deciding Judges, the distance Judges, and the Steward, and a long argument confirmed the decision of the Judges, *and by a very large majority*.

By the proviso or extract from the 16th rule, (which I have quoted) you will perceive no horse has a right to pass *on the inside*, except at his peril! By the first part or extract from the same rule a leading horse is compelled "*to bear in*" so as to leave a free passage on the outside, &c! The Judges decided that inasmuch as Rowena was at liberty to take the track on the inside, and as Buck Eye prevented the possibility of her passing on the outside, which was clearly her exclusive place under the rules, that it was foul riding, and you will perceive that by the extract from the 6th rule, also quoted, they were compelled to declare the horse distanced, and award the race to Rowena: But, inasmuch as there was a doubt, at the time of the decision, of any *intention* of foul riding on the part of the owner or rider of the horse, and unwilling to brand any owner or rider with infamy where it could be avoided with honor, the Club passed a resolution acquitting the owner and rider of any *intentional* misconduct. After these proceedings on the part of the Judges and Club, Mr. Wilson, the Proprietor of the course, and the owner of Buck Eye, openly proclaimed, that he never had seen these rules, (of *his own Club!*) that *he* considered such rules

* The distance stand on our track is on wheels and always laced on the grass, on the extreme outside or right hand of the track.

as improper ones—inasmuch as they did not agree with the Virginia rules which permit a leading nag "to pick his track," and that, if he had read them, he should have paid no attention to them. These declarations, with others of a more offensive character, produced a unanimous determination on the part of the Club that he could no longer remain their proprietor.

One of the rules of the Club, from which I have given you an extract, is peculiar to this Course. We adopted it, *many years since*, because of the very angry disputes and questions constantly raised under the Virginia rule, that a leading horse had a right "to pick his track!" We think it a *simple and just rule*, and such as should prevail on all parts of all race courses. This is the first dispute that has ever arisen under it; and entirely because the owner of Buck Eye (who happened to be our own Proprietor) had never read the rules of the Course. As it is a rule *peculiar to the Course*, it is invariably brought to the special notice of each rider in giving the instructions before a start; and it so happens that in this instance the Judges had *particularly instructed* the riders on the point at issue, until the rider of Buck Eye had distinctly stated he understood it. The owner has since avowed, however, that after the boy had been instructed by the Judges, he gave his rider instructions to the contrary.—He defended his course, and avowed to the writer, after the decision of the Judges and Club, that he denied the right of the Judges to give his rider "any instructions whatever," and thought it highly improper in them to attempt "*any such interference?!*"

In this case the facts were fully proven. Indeed, the foul riding took place as stated, under the eyes of all the Judges on both Stands The objection to pronouncing it foul riding by the dissenting Judge, (who, it must be admitted, is a gentleman of unusual intelligence on all subjects, and of very great experience and noted integrity), was founded on the absence of evidence that it was *intended* to be foul riding. It was also contended that the intention to do wrong was not material. To illustrate their view, suppose a rider to lose, accidentally, 10 or 12 lbs. of his weight? or suppose his horse had been unmanageable, and that, after running a quarter of a mile, he flew the track, and cut, and came in at the *head of the stretch*? or suppose he unintentionally dismounted without orders;—would the absence of any intention to do wrong save him from a similar judgment and penalty? How can the intention to do wrong be proven in most cases.†

If the Judges, who made the decision, and the Club which confirmed it, had been satisfied, at the time of the decision, that the rider of Buck Eye had *intended* to prevent Rowena from passing, then the owner and rider would have been excluded, under another sentence of the 16th rule, from ever appearing again on the same course.

The galloping over of Buck Eye, a second time, was entirely the act of the owners, made necessary, of course, in case the Club could be induced to reverse the decision of the Judges. The Judges had nothing to do with it. The owners of Rowena, believing the Club would confirm the decision of the Judges considered the race at an end, and the Club, by its decision, took the same view of the question.

It follows, I should say, that the opinion of your correspondent that several wrongs were done on the occasion, is not well founded, and calculated to do great injustice to the Judges and Club. His communication bears evidence of great intelligence and candor, and I think, had he and you, Mr. Spirit, read the rules of the Club, *attentively*, you would have arrived at different conclusions.

A.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The writer of the above communication must have read our comment upon the letter from Washington, to which he replies, hastily. We stated this merely: "The version of our correspondent agrees, in all important features, with what we had previously heard on the same theme." This was certainly true at the time, nor could we have ventured, at the moment, to express either more or less upon that letter; we had no official report of the difficulty before us.

The statement to which we have above given place, must carry conviction, with it; there is no escape from its conclusions, and the whole is written with a candor and fairness for which we are willing to avouch. The single point that is not entirely clear, is of no possible consequence to the public, all though it is to the "Spirit;" in what corner of the "Spirit" does A. find such an endorsement of our friend's letter, as to say (by implication) that we had decided that *Buck Eye* ought not to have been declared distanced? The facts were never brought before us in a shape so official that we could (before) be called upon to decide the point—much less "read the rules of the Club attentively."

We regret the difficulty into which Mr. WILSON has brought himself; but the Washington Club must not allow their turf to languish for a moment from an occurrence so light, and yet so untoward.

† Rowena, in a previous race, threw her rider,—run out the heat, and came in a-head; yet having thus accidentally (and unfortunately for her, she being the favorite in the race,) violated the rules, was very properly excluded, and without a murmur; the same rules which threw her out of a purse on one occasion, awarded her another.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

FLORENCE (Ala.) FALL RACES.

Dear Sir,—The annual Fall Meeting commenced here on Tuesday, the 19th inst. The course, which is situated immediately on the bank of the Tennessee river, was in tolerable order; but most miserably attended each day. As usual the races occupied five days; it would be better if they were confined to three; for here, as well as at many other places, a day or two might be lopped off with great advantage to the sport. The weather was most disagreeably cold, but fair, and the running only respectable.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19, 1839—Second Class of the Ragland Stakes, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton	*Fayette.*	1	1
Col. J. W. Camp's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon		2	2
Jno. Kinkle's ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of own sister to John Bascombe by Bertrand		3	dist.
E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. c. by Actæon, out of Imp. Design by Tramp		dist.	

Time, 3:58½—4:01.

Fandango had the call. On starting, the Actæon colt stumbled, and threw his rider; he was instantly picked up and re-seated, but was again thrown off; upon the third attempt he kept his hold, and started after the others, who were upwards of a quarter of a mile in advance, the favorite leading, with the Whalebone colt and the other filly some distance in the rear. Fandango continued to lead, and won handily by about three lengths. Mr. BOARDMAN'S colt could not make up the gap so as to save his distance, yet he came pretty near doing it.

Second heat.—After several false starts, they got off, but not without another accident; the rider of the Wild Bill filly was unseated, and she bounded off without him; Fandango took the lead, and kept it, winning very cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20—Purse $300, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's Imp. ch c. *Shamrock*, by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 3 yrs	*Taylor Argo.*	1	1
Mr. Yourie's ch. f. *Emily Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs		3	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. *Polly Pillow*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs		2	3

Time, 3:52—3:54.

Betting, Polly Pillow vs. the field: They got off in pretty style, Polly leading, Emily 2d, and Shamrock close up; on the back stretch he changed places with Emily. Polly carried on the running in front to the last half mile; here Shamrock made play, lapped, and gave her the go-bye without the least difficulty, and came in winning by about two lengths.

Second heat.—Emily led off to the first turn, where Shamrock challenged; a pretty rally ensued for about a hundred yards between them, when the colt shook her off, and maintained the lead with perfect ease throughout, and won very cleverly. This was his second appearance in public, and a winner each time; he was greatly admired for the symmetry of his shape, and the excellent condition in which he came to the post. His dam, Delight, by Reveller, was imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of Huntsville, in 1835, and dropped the above colt by St. Patrick, the Spring following. She is now the property of Jas. Jackson, Esq., who purchased her of Mr. Boardman for $3000.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21—Purse $300, ent. $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. *Julia Fisher*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellow by Timoleon, 3 yrs	*Minafee*	1	1 1
Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs		4	2 dist.
E. Lewis' ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, aged		3	4 dist.
W. R. Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs		2	3 dr

Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:52.

Julia Fisher the favorite, who led off and never was headed, winning by five or six lengths.

Second heat.—Won very handily by the favorite under a strong pull.

Third heat.—Mr. Peyton's colt was withdrawn in consequence of its coming out lame in its left fore leg. Some bets were made upon a distance. The filly sprang off and distanced the field very easily.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22—Purse $500, ent. $30, added; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	*Taylor Argo.*	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Preston*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 3 y.		2	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. *Day Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs		dist.	
W. R. Peyton's b. h. *Bay Balton*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs		dist.	

Time, 5:52—5:58.

Betting, Preston 2 to 1 against the field. After several false starts Day Dream made running in front for a short distance, when Fanny Strong passed, and kept up the play at a merry lick, Preston next; he made various attempts to come up with the filly, but they were all in vain; she came in under a steady pull, and won by a length or two, distancing Day Dream and Bay Balton. Preston was evidently off his foot, from the effects of encountering a severe storm in travelling from Huntsville.

Second heat.—It was no race at all; the filly had it all her own way, and won in a hand gallop.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23—Purse $300, ent $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, pedigree above, 4 yrs		1	1
Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. *Lantaro*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs		2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. h. *Sir Joseph*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		4	3
Geo. Cheatham's b. f. *Sally Call*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs		3	dist.
Eli Lewis' gr. g. *John Slipper*, by Editor, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 2:01—2:00.

The rain fell in torrents during the night, and the consequence was that the track was very wet and soft. In the first heat, Old Mistress took the lead and kept it all the way, beating the others easily. In the second heat she displayed the like powers, and won easily.

ARKANSAS RACES.

LITTLE ROCK, Nov. 4, 1839.

My dear P—I have been here some eight or ten days, and leave in the morning for Batesville. I was in time to witness the races, and below give you a statement. I presume you have been furnished with the result of the races at Van Buren and Fort Smith, but for fear you have not, I give you what I have learned.

Etna, by Volcano, won the Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, in three heats, beating a Monsoon, out of a Charles, who won the 1st heat, and one other. *Betsey Watson* won the best 3 in 5, beating *America*, by Waxy, and *Glaucus* (who ran in the famed *Maria Duke* race as *Brandy*). The full sister to Lady Nashville beat *Lara*, by Volcano, and Glaucus, the two mile day. Lara very lame, but close up in the 2d heat in 3:55. *Eliza Ross* beat *Hannibal* the four mile day at three heats, winning 1st and 3d. All this over the Van Buren Course.

At Fort Smith *Etna* won a match, one mile out, beating Maj. Groves, 3 yrs. old, by Monsoon, dam by Sir Charles. America, by Waxy, beat Etna, mile heats. Hannibal beat Betsey Watson and the full sister to Lady Nashville, at two heats (the last named falling) the three mile day, while *Eudora* beat *John Belcher* the four mile day—he fell in the mud. *Belle of Winchester* beat Eudora two mile heats easily.

The Little Rock Jockey Club races commenced on Tuesday, the 5th inst.

The first day's race brought together a very large crowd; the ladies in all their brilliant beauty, and gentle loveliness were there, backing their favorites with an earnestness and spirit that would have done credit to the backers of Grey Eagle. Neither nag had the call—both had friends as spunky as the man who butted his brains out. The Belle had most friends, but the brown daughter of Jefferson had awful tall backing; a small man from the head waters, near the Indian line, a host within himself, stood up for the chesnut filly. He has four Jackson bays, whose eyes, he says, shine like the star of Venus, and their heads are running ulcers of pure hard sense. He says that although in a perfect streak of adversity, he can't work, for he is too small boned and fine featured.

But for the race. They are saddled—Eudora drew the track. After one false start they got off, the Belle having a send off, which gave her the track, and she led easily by more than two lengths to the half mile post; here Dan., on Eudora, took her in hand, and closed the gap; they swung into the run home, the Belle still ahead; Dan went up and challenged, and two hundred yards from home he collared her, and came to the post a winner by some 20 feet in 1:50½—good time, for the wind was high.

After this heat Eudora was greatly the favorite. They went off with a clever start, the brown mare taking the track, and had it all her own way, coming home easily in 1:53. Both are fine animals.

Betsey Watson won the two mile day without a struggle. The three mile day was rather a splendid affair, Eliza the favorite, though there was some betting between her and Belcher. While Mr. Alexander, having proved himself a Napoleon last season with the Jeffersons, had many friends. His tall daughter of Jefferson went off in the first heat like a streak of lightning, and there was no getting near her. She became more docile in the second, and Eliza came to the post a winner without a struggle. For the 3d heat only two peeled. It was no contest, Belcher not being able to put up Eliza.

Yesterday's race, best 3 in 5, was a beautiful and spirited betting race, though they did'nt "pile the agony" a twentieth part as high as the first day, which was the heaviest betting race I have seen for many a day. Etna was rather the favorite, though some of the folks stood up to St. Cloud, a beautiful son of Imp. Luzborough, while Glaucus had many friends. It was no contest—the Volcano filly had it all her own way. She is a caution, and her 3d heat, 1:52, is awful fast travelling.

For the silver pitcher we had a beautiful race, Isadora the favorite, who won the 1st heat handily in 1:51—after a false start, in which Isadora, Medora, and Sweet Home run the mile, believing it was a start, they got off, Isadora still the favorite at 4 to 3. The contest was pretty good, the Buster won handily in 1:55. The 3d heat a repetition of the 2d. Many believe Isadora would have won the money but for the false start. Medora has been in training but a short time, and received an injury a few days ago, similar to Master Henry's accident at Trenton.

Tunstall has waded right through the week. Truly yours, N.

Annexed is the record:—

Little Rock (Arks.) Fall Races.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Purse $175, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings; with an Inside Stake of $1000 a side between Belle of Winchester and Eudora. Mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & John Lafford's br. m. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs	*Daniel McKinney.*	1	1
E. Rector's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, out of Bay Doe, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs		2	2

Time, 1:50½—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse $250, ent. $30, added; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's br. m. *Betsey Watson*, by Jefferson, dam by Henry Tonson, 5 yrs	*D. McKinney.*	1	1
E. Rector's br. f. *America*, by Waxy, 4 yrs		2	2

Time, 4:03—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse $400, conditions as before, with an inside stake of $500 a side, between Hannibal and Eliza Ross. Three mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. m. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs	*Jess.*	2	1 1
E. Rector's b. h. *John Belcher*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		3	2 2
Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. *Musedora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		1	3 dr

Time, 5:55½—6:05—6:19.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Purse $200, ent. $25, added; conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. f. *Etna*, by Volcano, out of Rebecca by Polafox, 3 yrs	*George Tunstall.*	1	1 1
J. E. Pitcher's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Alhambra, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs		2	3 2
Thos. Wilson's ch. c. *St. Cloud*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs		3	2 3

Time, 2:05—2:03—1:52.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Silver Pitcher, value $——, ent. $20, added; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. g. *Capt. Buster*, by Cherokee, dam by Green Oak, 6 yrs	*Dan. McKinney*	3	1 1
Hugh White's b. c. *John Green*, by Whip, dam by ——, 4 yrs		2	3 3
Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. *Musedora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		1	3 dr
J. E. Pitcher's ch. f. *Sweet Home*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs		5	dist.
Hawkins & Gibson's ch. f. *Medora Riggs*, by Waxy, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs		4	dr.

Time, 1:51—1:55—1:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $—— a side, One mile.

Hop. Johnson's gr. g. by Brimmer, catch weight	*Geo. Tunstall.*	1
Thos. Wilson's b. h. *Kinlock*, by Havoc, 100lbs.		2

Time, 1:51½. A splendid race.

The Texas roan beat Mr. Isaac's *Hard Bargain*, Mile heats, in 1:53—2:00.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

COLUMBUS (Miss.) FALL RACES.

President, Neo. D. Amis, Esq.; Vice President, Eli Abbott, Esq.; Secretary, Jas. McClure, Esq; Timer, Thomas Eubank Leefe, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James O. McAllister's bl. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs		1	1
R. Smith's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs		2	2

Time, 4:10—4:20.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $15, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. Smith's ch. g. *Rob Roy*, sire unknown, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs		1	1
J. R. Head's b. f. *Worina*, by Arab, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs		2	2
J. O. McAllister's b. c. *John Nichols*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs		3	dist.

Time, 6:41—6:52.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

J. R. Head's ch. c *Leslie*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs		1	1
J. O. McAllister's b. f. *Mary Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs		2	2

Time, 8:45—8:49.

CLARKSVILLE (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

CLARKSVILLE, Nov. 7, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—I herewith send you a statement of the races over the *Woodlawn Course*.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16, 1839—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's b f. *Medoca*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs		1	1
Dr. R. Bronson's b. c. *John Dawson, Jr.*, by John Dawson, dam by Partnership, 3 yrs		2	2

Time, 3:52—3:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $300 a side, Mile heats.

V. J. Allen's gr. h. *Pokeroot*, by William Tell, dam by Citizen, aged	1	1
Wm. Goodrich's gr. h. *Monsieur Tonson*, by Sir Richard, dam by Pacolet, aged	2	2

Time, 1:59—2:01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. Gray's ro. m. *Irene*, by Printer, dam by McKinney's Roan, 5 yrs		3	1 1
H. D. Bailey's *Victoria Houston*, by Childress, dam by Thunderclap, 3 yrs		2	2 2
Col. Shelton's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Albert, 3 yrs		1	3 dist.
William Irby's b. m. *Cassia*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs		dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:59—2:07.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jno Steele's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Madison, 3 yrs		1	1 1
N. K. Leavell's ch. c. *John C. Stevens*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs		2	2 2

Time, 1:49—1:50—1:54.

JAMES C. JOHNSON, *Sec'y*.

MALDEN FALL RACES.

Stewards:—Major Deedes, 34th Regiment; Mr. Schreiber, 34th Regiment; Capt. Biscoe, R. E; Mr. Horrocks, 85th.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15.

Garrison Plate of $60, ent. $4; open to all horses the property of residents in Canada one month previous. Officers riders. Weights for age. Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Schreiber's, 34th, br. m. *Deception*, aged, 11st	Col. Airey, 34th	1 1
Mr. Gwilt's, 34th, b. g. Don John, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb	Mr. Airey, R.A.	4 2
Mr. Rooper's, 34th, gr. m. Delusion, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb	Capt. Markham, 32d	3 3
Mr Dixie's, In. Mil., b. m. Maria, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb	Owner	2 0
Capt. Broderick's, 34th, gr. m. Hermia, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb	Mr. Tench, In. Mil.	0 0
Mr. M'Cormick's, E.C., ch. g. Young Columbus, 6 y, 10st 12lb	Mr. Kirby, 34th	0 0
Capt. Heathcote's, 34th, b. m. Mad Cap, aged, 11st	Owner	dr

A good race, both heats being well contested, but won easily by the mare.

Cavalry Plate of $30, ent. $2, for horses that have been ridden in Capt. Grant's troop of Essex Cavalry one month previous. Heats, once round and a distance.

Corporal I. S. Robinson's b. g. *Indian Chief*, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb	5	1 1
Private M'Donald's b. h. Rob Roy, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb	2	2 2
Private I. Quick's b. g. Crowder, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb	1	bolt.
Private C. Steel's ch. m. Jane Shore, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb	0	0 0
Private J. Leighton's b. g. Napoleon, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb	0	0 0

A well contested race throughout.

Hurdle Race, a sweepstakes of $10 each, with $20 added, for horses the property of officers stationed on the Western Frontier. Once round and a distance. Four hurdles. Catch weights.

Capt. Taylor's, 85th, gr. g. *Harlequin*	Mr. Tench, In. Mil.	1
Mr. Gwilt's, 34th, b. g. Don John	Mr. Airey, R.A.	2
Mr. Roche's, 34th, b. m. Jessie	Mr. Talbot, 34th	3
Capt. Mathews', 34th, br. g. Sherry Cobler	Capt. Markham, 32d.	4
Mr. Monse's, Commissary, ch. m. Christabel	Mr. Kirby, 34th	0
Capt. Heathcote's, 34th, b. m. Mad Cap	Owner	bolt.

This was a very pretty race, Harlequin taking the lead, closely followed by the remainder; at the third hurdle Mad Cap bolted, when a severe struggle ensued between Harlequin and Don John, both taking the 1st hurdle together in the most sporting style—won only by half a length.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16.

Town Plate of $40, ent. $4, with $20 added, free for any horse. Weights as for the Cavalry Plate. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Schreiber's, 34th, b. m. *Deception*, aged	Mr. Airey, R.A.	1 1
Mr. Reid's gr. g. Squirrel, 5 yrs	Owner	2 2
Mr. Reynold's ch. m. White Stocking, 6 yrs	Mr. Tench, In. Mil.	3 3
Mr. Brush's ch. g. Corn Dodger, aged		0 0
Capt. Broderick's, 34th, gr. m. Hermia, 5 yrs		dr
Mr. Richardson's ch g. Jack in the Green, 6 yrs		dr
Mr. L. Crawford's b. h. Bay Roman, aged		dr

From this race much sport was expected, owing to the known good qualities of the horses; but Hermia being unfortunately lame from the previous day's running, was unable to start, and Bay Roman, from fear or some other cause being drawn, Deception had it all to herself, winning both heats easily, being well ridden by her promising young jockey.

Handicap Sweepstakes of $4 each, with $20 added, for horses the property of Officers stationed on the Western Frontier, gentlemen riders. Heats, once round.

Mr. Rooper's, 34th, gr. m. *Delusion*, 6 yrs, 11st	Capt. Markham, 32d	1 1
Mr. Dixie's, I. M., b. m. Maria. 5 yrs, 11st 1lb	Owner	5 2
Mr. Talbot's, 34th, bl. g. Bobtail, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb	Owner	2 3
Capt. Heathcote's, 34th, b. m. Mad Cap, aged, 10st 10lb	Col. Airey	3 4
Capt. Taylor's, 85th, gr. m. Harlequin, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	Mr. Grey, 85th	4 5
Capt. Broderick's, 34th, gr. m. Hermia, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb		dr
Mr. Gwilt's, 34th, b. g. Don John, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb		dr
Mr. Schreiber's, 34th, br. m. Deception, aged, 11st 8lb		dr

This was the most interesting race of the meeting, affording excellent sport, and although some of the grumble family affected to find fault with the weights, yet the event proved the judgment of the handicappers. For the first heat they all went off at once, Delusion and our old friend Bobtail contesting it severely the whole way round, the grey, at the end, winning the heat by a neck. The Colonel rode with his usual judgment, allowing the two to fight it out, and evidently not running for the heat. For the second heat they went off as before, Capt. Markham making play and keeping the lead till about half way round, when Maria challenged and passed; but was soon obliged to resign her position. At the turn home, Mad Cap came up, making a desperate effort to head the Captain; but in vain, when she again dropped to the rear. At the distance Bobtail collared the mare, but could not pass her, she winning the most exciting heat of the meeting by a length, Maria being only half a head in front of Bobtail.

Trotting and Pacing Purse of $100, ent. $2, free for any horse under 15 hands, catch weigts. Twice round.

Mr. Maisonville's bl. g	1	2 1
Mr. Symondie's bl. g.	2	1 2
Mr. Dynes' b. g.	3	3 0

A well contested race, affording great pleasure to the lovers of trotting and pacing.

Hurdle Race, ent. $4, with $20 added, open to all horses, catch weights.

Dr. Reynold's ch. m. *White Stocking*	Mr. Talbot, 34th	1	0 0
Mr. Gwilt's, 34th, b. g. Don John	Mr. Airey, R.A.	2	0 0
Mr. Neilson's b. g.	Mr. Kirby, 34th.	bolt.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 17.

Handicap Sweepstakes of $30 each, with $10 added by the winner of the Town Plate, for horses bona fide the property of residents in the township of Malden one month previous. Officers of the Garrison excluded. Heats, once round.

Dr. Reynold's ch m. *White Stocking*	3	2 1 1
Mr. M'Cormack's ch. g. Columbus	2	1 2 2
Mr. D. Robinson's b. g. Crowdon	1	4 4 bolt
Mr. Reid's gr. g. Squirrel	4	3 3

A capital race. 1st heat won by a neck. 2d by half a neck. 3d easy. 4th very easy, Crowdon bolting.

Trotting Purse of $10, ent. $1, catch weights. Heats, three times round.

Mr. Dine's b. g. *Great Britain*	1	2 1
Mr. Symondie's bl. g. Pawnee	2	1 2
Mr. Rinaud's b. g. Bob	dist.	

A good race, but too much for the old horse Pawnee. Toronto Patriot.

YORK UNION HUNT MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 9.

This meeting commenced to-day under distinguished patronage, and we are happy to state that the love of turf amusements appears to have had a revival in this district. The morning was showery and uncomfortable, but about noon it cleared up, and the sun burst forth in all his splendor. At the time of starting, however, it was again clouded, but the remainder of the day was dry and fine. The course was, as might have been expected, very *sticky*, especially from the mile post to the T.Y.C. post, but upon the whole it was far better than half the race courses in England are at the present time, after so long a continuance of rain. The Grand Stand was well filled, and we were happy to see it graced by the presence of a great number of ladies. The sets out were far more numerous than we have witnessed on the York race course for the last ten years, and included several four-in-hands, and also three or four carriages with outriders, &c.; the private carriages extended in a line from the winning-post to considerably beyond the grand stand. That the racing was excellent and abundant the following returns will prove:

The *Trial Stakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, for horses that have never started for any Stake, Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry; three year olds 10st, four 11st 2lb, five 11st 5lb, six and aged 12st; three miles; 6 subs.

Mr. H. F. Thompson's b. f. by Bobadil, out of Zoe, 3 yrs..... Owner. walked over

A *Gold Cup*, or *Piece of Plate*, given by the Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h. ft, for maiden horses not thorough-bred; three year olds 10st, four 11st 2lb, five 11st 12lb, six and aged, 12st 4lb; two miles; 16 subs.

Col. G. H. Thompson's b. g. *Hamlet*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs.....	Owner.....	1
Mr. Bell's ch. f. by Gainsborough, dam by Clinker, sister to Fearnerley, 4 yrs.....	Captain Richardson	2
Mr. J. G. Smyth's gr. g. brother to Goldicote, by Stumps, out of Mischief by Magic, 4 yrs.....	Mr. Smith	3
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. g. Master Wadham, by Young Gustavus, dam by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs.....	Owner.....	4
Mr. E. H. Reynard's b. c. Vapour, by Vanish, 5 yrs.....	Mr. Trafford	5
Mr. Jos. C. Maxwell ns. bl. g. Exile, by Napoleon-le-grand, dam by Walton, out of Lisette, 4 yrs.....	Mr. Astley	6

Betting: 6 to 4 and even on Vapour; 3 to 1 against any other. Hamlet took the lead, which he continued to near the Stand, Exile acting as rear-guard, and keeping a respectful distance from his competitors. The others were well up, and a pretty race was concluded by Hamlet winning by a clear length.

The *Pony Stakes* of 5 sovs each, P.P., for Ponies not more than 14 hands high; 10st each; half a mile.

Col. G. H. Thompson's gr. p. by Don Juan.....	Mr. Farquharson..	1
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. p. Maid of Skellgate.....	Owner.....	2
Col. Smith's b. p. The Twin.....	Mr. B.B.Thompson	3
Mr. G. L. Fox, jun.'s Grace.....	Captain Bell	4
Mr. J. F. Whittel's gr. p by Ebor.....	Hon. J. Sandilands	5

The whole five, after parading past the stand, got off well together, when Don Juan and Maid of Skellgate singled themselves out, and made a smart race home, the former winning by a neck only.

The *Scurry Stakes*. Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, P.P., 10st each; thorough-bred horses to carry 1st extra; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs if demanded, &c.; the last horse to pay the second horse's stake; half a mile; 8 subs.

Mr. H. S. Thompson's gr. f. *Evergreen*, by Acorn, 3 yrs, (h. b.).....	Owner.....	1
Lord Milton's b. m. Duett, by Mambrino, out of Hydrogen, 5 yrs.....	Mr. Trafford...	2
Col. G. H. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, by Margrave, 3 yrs.....	Captain Bell...	3
Capt. Richardson's b. g. Barnton, aged (h. b.).....	Owner.....	4

Betting: even on Duett, 5 to 2 agst. Evergreen, and 3 to 1 agst. Mazourka. In this race they all went off at score, and kept well together to the stand, where Evergreen took the lead and won by a length and a half.

The *Union Club Stakes* of 10 sovs each, P.P., for maiden horses that never started for any stake but a Hunters' stake; four year olds 12st, five 12st 10lb, six and aged 13st; half-bred horses allowed 8lb; one mile and a half.

Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam's br. m. *Jamaica*, by Medoro—Quadroon, 4 yrs.....	Capt. Bell.....	1
Mr. G. L. Fox, jun., ns. br. g. Master Wadham, by Young Gustavus, dam by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs.....	Mr. H. S. Thompson	2
Lord Milton's br. m. Minorca, by Amadis or Mulatto, out of Barcelona, 4 yrs.....	Mr. Trafford.....	3

Betting: even on Master Wadham. When they had gone about 200 yards Mr. Trafford's stirrup leather broke, but that gentleman continued in the race, and to save his weight carried the stirrup in his mouth. After making the turn at Middlethorpe corner, Jamaica, who had led from the beginning, swerved, but he was again soon brought in to straight running, and won easy by two lengths.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, h. ft, for horses bona fide the property of Officers of the Depots 1st Dragoon Guards and 7th Hussars; one mile and a half; three year olds 10st, four 10st 7lb, five 11st, six 11st 7lb, seven and aged 12st; thorough-bred horses 7lb extra; three to start or no race; officers of the Depots riders; 9 subs.

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. *Gleneagle*, aged.....	Owner.	1
Mr. Powell's bl. m. Off She Goes, aged.....	Owner.	2
Mr. Cotton's br. g., 4 yrs.....	Owner.	3

Gleneagle the favorite. Mr. Powell's mare took the lead, apparently running away with her rider; she continued to cut out severe work to the turn, when Gleneagle challenged, and having obtained the lead, continued it the remainder of the race, and won easy by a length and a half. The br. g. was beaten off easily in the rear.

The *Champagne Plate*. A piece of Plate given by the Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, P.P., three year olds 10st 4lb, four 11st 2lb, five 11st 10lb, six and aged 12st 2lb; a winner once in 1839, to carry 5lb, twice 7lb extra; any horse proved half-bred to the satisfaction of the Stewards to be allowed 12lb; one mile and three quarters; 18 subs.

Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. *Van Buren*, 5 yrs.....	Owner.....	1
Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam's b. m. Florida, by Mulatto, out of Floranthe, 4 yrs.....	Mr. Cotton.....	2
Mr. Denison ns. bl. c. Bumblekite, by Gainsborough, 5 yrs.....	Mr. Powell.....	3
Lord Milton's gr. g. Cassio, by Chateau Margaux, out of Desdemona, aged.....	Captain Sutton..	4
Col. G. H. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, by Margrave, 3 yrs.....	Captain Bell....	0
Mr. Bell's ch. m Golden Drop, by Actæon, 5 yrs.....	Capt. Richardson	0
Mr. Salvin's ch. m. Xarifa by Velocipede, aged.....	Owner.....	0
Mr. B. B. Matthew ns. br. c. Babylon, by Belshazzar, out of Prosody, 3 yrs (h. b.).....	Mr. Farquhar....	0
Sir C. Ibbotson's br. f. Siroc, by Camel, out of Sea Breeze, 3 yrs....	B. B. Thompson.	0
Mr. Reynard's b. c. Vapour, by Vanish, 5 yrs.....	Capt Trafford...	0
Mr. J. Whitaker's b. g. Lyndhurst, 6 yrs.....	Owner.....	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Van Buren, 3 to 1 agst. Golden Drop, 7 to 2 agst Cassio and Florida, 10 to 1 agst. Bumblekite, 10 to 1 agst. Vapour. This was a very interesting race, in consequence of the large field of horses it furnished. Golden Drop took the lead, which she continued to the wood, where Van Buren went up, and on taking the turn, passed her. The ruck of horses continued tolerably well together to the stand, where Florida made a tremendous effort to reach Van Buren, and for a moment looked like a winner, but Mr. Thompson kept the Dutchman in his place, and the mare soon died away. Van Buren then went clear away, and won cleverly by two lengths. Florida was second, Bumblekite third, Cassio fourth, and Siroc, who had been started to make play, if necessary, for Van Buren, was fifth, but not placed. Some of the others were tailed off.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10.

The rain fell in torrents during the night, and the consequence was that the course was very wet and soft. In the morning the weather cleared up, and continued very fine throughout the day. The attendance of visitors was not quite so numerous as on the previous day, but the racing was excellent.

A *Handicap Stakes* of 5 sovs each, P.P., for all the horses that started for the Gold Cup, the Champagne Plate, and the Scurry Stakes; one mile and a half.

Col. G. H. Thompson's b f. *Mazourka*, by Margrave, 10st.....	Capt. Bell.....	1
Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam's b. m. Florida, by Mulatto, 11st 7lb.....	Capt. Richardson.	2
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. f. Siroc, by Camel, 3 yrs, 10st.....	B. B. Thompson..	3
Mr. Salvin's ch. m. Xarifa, by Velocipede, aged, 11st 8lb.....	Owner.....	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Florida. Mazourka had the lead to the distance, where Florida and Siroc went up, but they were shook off in a few strides, and Mazourka, resuming the lead, won cleverly by a length and a half.

A *Match* for 100 sovs a side; 12st each; two miles.

Mr. Peters' ch. g. *Syntax*, aged.....	Col. Thompson	1
Capt. Richardson's b. g. Barnton, aged.....	Owner.....	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Barnton. They both went off together, neither of them taking a decided lead for about a distance, when Col. Thompson shot ahead, and continued leading to the end of the white rails; Barnton then challenged, headed his opponent, and at the stand Barnton looked like a winner, but in the set-to, a few strides from home, was beaten by Syntax by a bare head.

The *Challenge Whip*, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, P.P.; three year olds 10st, four 11st, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st; half-bred horses allowed 10lb; three miles; this Whip to be open to an annual challenge, until it shall have been won by the same person three successive years.

Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. *Van Buren*, by Velocipede, 5 yrs	Owner.....	1
Lord Milton's b. g. Guy Mannering, by Waverley, out of Leonella, 4 yrs	Capt. Richardson	2
Col. G. H. Thompson's b. g. Hamlet, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs.....	Capt. Bell.....	3
Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam's gr. g. Cassio, by Chateau Margaux, out of Desdemona, aged	Mr. Trafford.....	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Van Buren. After the riders had picked their places, Guy Mannering took the lead, closely followed by Van Buren, Cassio being laid third, and Hamlet last. They continued in this position to the turn of the basin, where Van Buren ran up to Guy Mannering, and they alternated the lead several times, till they came to the mile-and-half post, when Guy Mannering resumed the lead past the wood and Middlethorpe corner. On coming into straight running Van Buren again came in front, followed by Hamlet, who had resigned the last place to Cassio. A pretty race ensued past the stand when Mr. H. S. Thompson brought his horse out, and he won cleverly, Guy Mannering being second, Hamlet third, and Cassio fourth.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs each, P.P., for horses carrying 16st each; one mile; 4 subs.

Mr. Salvin's ch m. *Xarifa*, aged.....	Owner.	1
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Badget, by Drone or Billy the Beau, aged.....	Owner.	2
Mr. D. Cayley's br. h. Incubus.....	Owner.	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Slyfellow, who took the lead at a good speed. On reaching the Middlethorpe corner, the grey attempted to challenge, but failed, and Slyfellow won cleverly by a length and a half. The race for the second place was very severe. Mr. Thompson claimed the winner.

The *Black Duck Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, P.P., for horses of all denominations that have been beaten during the races; four year olds 10st 6lb, five 11st 6lb, six and aged 12st 2lb, thorough-bred horses 1st extra; one mile; 16 subs.

Mr. Straubenzie's gr. c. *Brother to Goldicote*, 4 yrs.....	Capt. Richardson	1
Lord Milton's br. f. Minorca, 4 yrs.....	Capt. Bell.....	2
Mr. Reynard's b. h. Vapour, 5 yrs.....	Mr. Trafford.....	2
Col. Thompson's br. c. Babylon, 3 yrs.....		4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Vapour. This was a smart run home, but the approaching dusk of the evening prevented us from seeing any distance from home. At the stand Brother to Goldicote and Minorca were in front, and the former won cleverly.

A *Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, h. ft, for horses bona fide the property of officers of the depots, 1st Dragoon Guards and 7th Hussars; five year olds 11st, six 11st 7lb, seven and aged 12st; thorough-bred horses 7lb extra; three to start or no race; officers of the depots riders; one mile and a half, over four hurdles four feet high; 9 subs.

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. *Gleneagle*, (h. b.).....	Owner.	1
Mr. Cotton's b. m. Diana (h. b.).....	Owner.	2
Mr. Hilyar's ch. g.....	Owner.	0

Gleneagle the favorite. In consequence of the number of races, and the delay incident to amateur riders, it was quite dusk when the horses went to the post, and it was agreed that the first heat should decide the race. Gleneagle and Diana cleared the first and second hurdles in excellent style, but Mr. Hilyar's gelding fell over the second hurdle. Gleneagle took the third hurdle in fine style, followed by Diana several lengths behind. At the last hurdle Gleneagle tripped, and brought it down; Diana followed, and, sportsman-like, Mr. Cotton charged one of the standing hurdles in preference to going through the gap cleared by Gleneagle; he cleared it in a capital manner, and ran in an excellent second, being beaten about a length.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11.

The weather to-day proved favorable, with the exception of a slight shower of rain which fell during the afternoon, and the course was in much better condition than yesterday. The company on the ground was numerous, although the Grand Stand lacked some of the fashionables who attended on Wednesday and Thursday, and the carriages were inferior in number; yet the races on the whole were better attended, than last year

The *York October Race Club Stakes* of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 20 added by the Club, for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; two miles.

Mr. Simpson's b. g. *Aggravator*, by Palmarin, aged, 11st 8lb.....	Owner.	1
Mr. H. Mann's b. g. Mundig, by Catton, aged, 11st.....	Owner.	2

Betting: 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Aggravator, who took a lead of several lengths, was never headed, and won in a canter by twenty lengths.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, P.P., with 20 added, for two year old colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; winners once in the present year to carry 3lb, twice 5lb extra; horses that have been twice beaten and not won allowed 2lb; to be ridden by jockies; T.Y.C.

Col. Cradock's b. c. *Gallypot*, by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam.....	G. Nicholson....	1
Capt. Elmsall's br. c. Bob Peel, by Medoro, dam by Young Phantom	J. Holmes	2
Mr. Briskham's ch. f. Vermillion.....	S. Templeman ..	3
Mr. J. Shepherd's b. c. Viceroy, by Voltaire.....	Marson.....	4
Mr. Hall's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntingdon, dam by Langar.....	G. Barker.....	0
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce.....	T. Lye.....	0
Mr. J. King's b. g. Mariner, by Liverpool, out of Tigress	W. King.....	0
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough, out of La Sage Femme's dam	R. Hesseltine....	0
Mr. Kirby's b. f. by Liverpool, out of Dirmid's dam.....	W. Oates.....	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Viceroy, 7 to 2 agst. Bob Peel, 7 to 2 agst. Kirby's filly, 5 to 1 agst. Vermillion, 5 to 1 agst. the Duke's colt, and 5 to 1 agst. Bell's filly. After five or six false starts the lot got away cleverly, when Gallypot took the lead, Vermillion lying second, and the rest in a ruck behind; at the end of the rails Bob Peel went up and took the second place, where he remained to the end, and Gallypot, never having been headed, won by a length.

Hurdle Race for a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs each, with 10 added, for four year olds 10st 7lb, five 11st 7lb, six and aged 12st; winners of one stake, plate, hurdle race, steeple chase, or hunters' stakes, before the day of running, 7lb, of two, 10lb extra; thorough-bred horses 7lb extra; gentlemen riders; two miles; six leaps to be taken over hurdles 4 feet high.

Mr. Peters' ch. g. *Syntax*.....	Capt. Bell..	1
Mr. Robson's b. m. Mischief, 6 yrs.....	Owner.....	2
Capt. Sutton's ch. g. Gleneagle.....	Owner.....	3
Mr. Cotton's b. m. Diana.....	Owner.....	4
Mr. Reynard's Dardanis.....	Mr. Hilyard	0
Mr. Percy's Betsy.....	Owner.....	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Mischief, 2 to 1 agst. Syntax, and 4 to 1 agst. Gleneagle. Syntax went off with the lead, closely followed by Mischief, Gleneagle being well up. The first hurdle was well cleared by these three, but the three others behind contrived to bring it down. A similar result awaited the second hurdle, caused, we believe, by Syntax. After making the turn, Mischief came up, took the lead, and the hurdles were taken without any serious casualty, but the pace was not agreeable to Diana, Dardanis, and Betsy, whose chance for the race was out some distance from home. Mischief charged the last hurdle, but leaping rather short, she splintered it to atoms; Syntax, who was very close up, cleared the next hurdle, and beat the mare, after a beautiful run in, by about a neck. Gleneagle was several lengths behind Mischief, and the rest beaten off.

The *Ladies Plate*. Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs each, with a superb Silver Tea Urn, value £60, added by the Ladies of York and its vicinity, free for any horse: to be ridden by Jockies: the owner of the second horse to receive £10 out of the stake; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Howard ns. b. c. *Quid*, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb.....	T. Lye....	8	1	1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Margaret, by Margrave, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb.....	J. Gray...	1	5	3
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. The Shadow, by The Sadler, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....	G. Barker.	5	3	2
Mr. Bell's bl. c. Bumblekite, by Gainsborough, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....	T. Benson	7	6	4
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb..	J. Wilson.	6	2	dr
Mr. Loy's b. c. Ararat, by Liverpool, 3 yrs, 7st.....	T. Walter.	2	4	dr
Col. Cradock's gr. c The Cripple, by Physician, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....	W. Oates..	3	dr	
Mr. Rowley's br. f. by Starch, dam by Tinker, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb	J. Burnby.	4	dr	

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Cripple, 4 to 1 agst. Quid, 7 to 2 agst. Margaret; even on Cripple and Shadow agst. the field. In the first heat Cripple took the lead, kept it to near the gravel road, where Margaret, followed by Ararat, challenged, and defeated him easily by two lengths. Second heat, Margaret the favorite. Shadow took the lead to the distance, where Vansittart's filly went up and ran with him to the stand, where Quid made his appearance in front, and won cleverly by a length. Third heat, 2 to 1 on Quid, who took the lead, was challenged by Shadow, but at the stand shook her off, and won in good style by half a length.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12.

The *All-Aged Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 20 sovs added by the inhabitants of the City of York, for two year olds 6st 10lb, three 8st 10lb, four 9st 5lb, five and upwards 9st 12lb, winners once this year 3lb, twice 5lb extra; one mile and a quarter; eight subs.

Mr. J. Shepherd's b. c. *Viceroy*, by Voltaire, 2 yrs.....	T. Lye.....	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. The Shadow, 3 yrs.....	Heseltine.....	2
Mr. J. Smith's gr. g. Marmaduke, by Starch, 3 yrs.....	Templeman....	3
Mr. Briskham's ch. f. Vermillion, by Bedlamite, 2 yrs.....	J. Gray.....	4
Mr. Oxley's br. c Navigator, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs.....	R. Adamson....	5
Mr. Hall's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntington, 2 yrs.....	Francis	6

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Shadow, 3 to 1 agst. the winner, and 4 to 1 agst. Vermillion. Vermillion went off with the lead, which he kept to the turn, where Shadow showed in front, with Marmaduke and Viceroy well up the stand, where Lye let his colt out, and won cleverly by two lengths, after a very interesting race.

Handicap Stakes of 7 sovs each, 3 ft, with 20 added, for horses of all denominations; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs, 7st.....	Wilson.....	1
Mr. Howard ns. b. f. Aurelia, 2 yrs, 7st 6lb.....	Lye.....	2
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....	W. Marson ..	3
Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.....	Francis	4
Mr. Bell's ch. m. Golden Drop, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb.....	Heseltine	5
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Little Bird, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb.....	J. Gray.....	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Vansittart's filly. Little Bird made play with Vansittart's filly close up, the others being some lengths behind; Fair Louisa got a very bad start, and was never able to get up in the race. On coming to the wood Vansittart's filly and Little Bird increased their lead, followed by Aurelia and Mazourka. At the gravel road Little Bird declined. Aurelia and Vansittart's filly ran a good race to the Stand, where the latter shot out and won cleverly by a length.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, for horses the property of the officers of the Depots 1st Dragoon Guards and 7th Hussars; one mile and a half; 8 subs.

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. *Gleneagle*, aged, 12st 2lb.....	Owner.....	1
Mr. Percy's Betsy, 11st 7lb.....	Owner.....	2
Mr. Cotton's b. g., 10st 2lb.....	Mr. Farquarson	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Gleneagle, who took the lead, and won in a canter by several lengths.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 20 added by the inhabitants of the City of York, for horses not thorough-bred; three year olds 9st, four 10st 4lb, five 11st, six and aged 11st 7lb; a winner once to carry 4lb, twice 7lb extra; thorough-bred horses 14lb extra; mares and geldings allowed 2lb; gentlemen riders; heats, one mile and a half; six subs.

Mr. Simpson's b. g. *Aggravator*, aged.....	Mr. W. Simpson....	1	1
Mr. Bell's b. f. sister to Fearnerley, 4 yrs.....	Mr B. B. Thompson	2	2
Mr. Thompson's b. g. Master Wadham, 4 yrs.....	Capt. Bell	3	dr
Mr. Smyth's gr. g. bro. to Goldicote, 4 yrs.....	Capt. Richardson...	4	dr
Mr. Powell's ch. h. Slyfellow, aged.....	Capt. Sutton.....	5	dr

Betting: First heat; 6 to 4 on Aggravator, 5 to 1 agst. sister to Fearnerley, and 5 to 1 agst. brother to Goldicote. Brother to Goldicote made running up to the turn, where Aggravator and Slyfellow joined him, and they came in a line to the gravel road, where Aggravator took the lead. At the booths, sister to Fearnerley left the rear, and passing brother to Goldicote and Slyfellow went up to Aggravator's haunches, but could not further improve her position, and Aggravator being let loose won cleverly. Second heat, 5 to 1 on Aggravator, who won very easily.

Bell's Life in London.

Agricultural.

KENTUCKY HUSBANDRY.

DURHAM SHORT HORN, AND NORTH DEVON CATTLE.

[From the American Farmer.]

We have been expecting to write out, for what they are worth, some notes on the husbandry of Kentucky, with which, during a delightful sojourn of two short weeks, we endeavored to make ourselves as familiar as we could, considering how much and how agreeably our attention was engrossed by the kind civilities and good cheer of a people as famed for hospitality as courage and patriotism.

Did we want, or rather, had we the power to improve the human race, in form and spirit, we would as soon go there for a meliorating cross for that purpose, as we should for the improvement of inferior animals. To the women for beauty, vivacity, grace and good housewifery; to the men for physical power, uprightness and candor, of figure and of speech—Civil without servility, and polite without parade, they are the men who "know a hawk from a handsaw," and "call a spade a spade."

We have been waiting for an answer to a letter we addressed to a gentleman, whose enlightened attention to the interests of agriculture, and whose example, in all things, must make him, as all such men are, a benefactor to the State.—When we get that, we will embrace the first leisure moment to say something more of her cattle—her mules—her hemp—her blue-grass pastures and grazing system.

Her agriculturists have an able advocate and friend in the FRANKLIN FARMER, printed at Frankfort, and need no other counsellor—In that we have read with pleasure, the subjoined letter from Mr. MARTIN. For ourselves, education, confirmed by habit, leads us to distrust the correctness of our opinions as long as any room remains for investigation and further proof. Truth, they say, lies at the *bottom* of the well; and a man ought to be sure that he has been there after it, before he can affirm that he has certainly brought it up. It is, we trust, needless to say that we hold the writer of the letter to the Franklin Farmer, in the highest esteem, as well for his judgment, as for his intelligence and public spirit; but is he not mistaken in saying, in general terms, that we wish to make it appear that the Devon Cattle "are superior to the Short-horn Durham?"—What *we* contend for is, that they are better adapted to a large portion of our tide-water slave-holding country—a country certainly not remarkable for careful attention, or abundant feed, either of grass or of corn. For Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and probably Alabama, generally, we consider the Devons decidedly preferable—There may be exceptions in the cases of particular farmers, where nature or good management has provided a redundant supply of these two *indispensable resources for large and fat cattle*. We designate Indian corn as indispensable in our country for such beasts, as well as pasturage, because we have not yet the roots which in England form so large a part of the food of their cattle. The states we have enumerated may be said to have scarcely yet attempted root culture. It is easier for a farmer to increase or diminish the number of his cattle, than to increase the quantity of their food; and it is to be considered, moreover, that with the agriculturist in the states we have mentioned, the rearing of cattle, especially for beef, is *not a primary object*, as it is in Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri—He rears cattle for the yoke, for milk, for butter and for beef, almost exclusively for his own use and consumption. Where food is not the most abundant, nor of the richest quality, the question with him is, not merely or mainly, how shall I get the largest animal in the quickest time? but, how shall I get, from a given quantity of food of a certain quality, and that not the best, and with ordinary treatment, the largest *quantum* of work, milk, butter and beef combined, having my tobacco, rice, cotton and wheat crops to look after, as my principal objects? What breed under our system, and with our sort of summer and winter food, will *stand the test*, hold their own, maintain their original qualities, and not grow coarse or degenerate? For farmers so situated, we have supposed, (but we advance the opinion with the highest deference for practical men, among whom Mr. Martin holds a high rank,) that a natural distinct and original breed, possessing the qualities of the Devons, would suit better than a made up breed, unrivalled as the Short-horn is, on the blue-grass pastures of Kentucky, for symmetry, neatness, fatness, weight and early maturity. To give the Maryland reader some idea as we go along, of the difference between his State and Kentucky, one point which he will agree to be of some consequence—we mean *Indian corn*—let us ask how he supposes the Kentuckian secures his corn after it is made? Is it, does he take it for granted, under bars and bolts, locks and keys, as the sub-treasurer keeps his specie in safes and strong boxes? No such thing. They build at convenient points throughout their fields, pens of common fence rails, high enough to hold one hundred barrels, cover them with rough boards, confined with fence rails, one side of the pen being raised higher than the other, just sufficient to give the roof a slight inclination to cast off the rain; and here the corn is left, assured that no one will take the trouble to steal that of which *every body and every thing has enough and to spare!* This we witnessed on a 1600 acre farm of Gen Shelby—a distinguished farmer, and what is more, one of the true old *Kentucky stock*. How is it here? The corn-house and the meat-house are ever to be found "in social proximity together," and both of them within a squirrel's jump of the dwelling, guarded by patent locks, and watchful dogs; and even these are sometimes not sufficient to protect them. The country so abounds in "receivers of stolen goods, *knowing them to be stolen*," that thieves will break in and steal in spite of all that can be done. *Sometimes the sub-treasurer steals himself.* These very different modes of keeping our corn, may give some notion of the no less different way of keeping our domestic animals. To return to the question, we may repeat here, that our position is this—that Kentucky possesses pre-eminent resources and advantages, growing out of her soil and connected with her position, for making herself looked to, as the *breeding State and nursery* for horses, cattle, mules, sheep and hogs. To her, (and it may be to Tennessee, but that is a State whose husbandry we have not had, personally, an opportunity to study,) the frontier states on the South and the West, may look for their supplies, as well as for *fighting men*, in time of need; and as we think the North Devon Cattle best suited to the slave-holding states on her southern and south-eastern borders, we wish her to have her nursery supplied with a complete assortment.

We feel complimented by the notice which Mr. Martin has taken of our views; his testimony (always entitled to the highest respect) in favor of the half-bred Durham ox, is interesting and decisive. It gives us pleasure to send his letter to the printer for insertion; and he, we are sure, will not object to its being accompanied with an extract from another letter, previously published, on the estimation in which Devon Cattle are held in England. The writer, as we before said, is an amateur, having no personal interest in the subject—His father is a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, and he, having, like ourselves, a passion for agriculture, has studied it on the farms and under the instructions of men combining, most successfully, the science with the practice, in this country as well as in England.

COLBYVILLE, Clark Co., Ky., Oct. 31, 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Dear Sir,—I have read two pieces written by that distinguished pioneer of agriculture, in which he highly recommends Devon cattle, and wishes to make it appear that they are superior to the Short-horn Durham. Mr. Skinner's opinions are certainly entitled to much respect; and in most of the Eastern states through which I have travelled, the Short-horns do not appear to me to be the best selection that could be made. The selection of proper cattle to suit them requires some judgment, with a thorough knowledge of their soil and productions.

But in Kentucky, "*the home of the Short Horns*," there are no cattle that can come in competition with them. The Hereford cattle possess every advantage possessed by the Devons, and are superior in size and strength; they are as good travellers, and when sold as beef command more money. Yet no breeder in Kentucky, with whom I am acquainted, would prefer the Herefords to the Short horns.

I think I can answer Mr. Skinner's question, whether those that are any way defective will be condemned to the knife? They will not. They will be tried, and if found good breeders, they will be retained as such, but if found deficient they will probably be sold in neighborhoods, where their breeding will be a great acquisition to the neighborhood, where they will be bred mostly to common and mixed blood cattle.

I know no test whereby to judge the breeding of any cattle but trial. Some animals, that are very defective in appearance, if they have fine pedigrees, are

extraordinary breeders, and I had rather put my fine cows to such, than to the finest animals that are deficient in pedigree. The next to trial in determining the breeding value, is pedigree.

I do not think their is danger of our cattle degenerating on account of all the bulls being saved as breeders, for our *thorough bred* cows will be bred to our *best bulls*, and the defective bulls will be tried upon common stock, and will not be used to our best cows *at all* unless they prove themselves to be good breeders.

The breed will extend rapidly by means of part blooded bulls. Three quarter blooded Durham bulls can be bought now for less money than they will bring as beef when cut and fattened, and seven-eighths and fifteen-sixteenths for not rather have a seven-eighth Durham than a Devon bull!

Whoever has seen the account of Mr. Horlbut's oxen *must know* that they owe much of their size to the "*native breed*." I saw two oxen at Chambersburg that weighed 4041 and 4064 lbs., and these were by a Durham bull out of "*native cows*." I saw in New England many of those "*native cows*" of good size, and they appear to me to suit the country where they are, very well.

Half-blood Durhams make excellent oxen. I have a pair of oxen over half-bloods that have been to Paris and back four times this summer, and have performed the trip each time in a day. They went also twice to Lexington, in August, and back in a day each time. It is fourteen miles measured to Lexington. The road to Paris is not measured, and is marked on the sign-boards sixteen miles: but it takes me as long to ride it as it does to ride eighteen miles on a measured road.

I drove a parcel of full-blooded Durham cattle to Nicholasville, (the least estimation is twenty-two miles) in a day. But to estimate the distance by the time it takes me to ride it, it is twenty-eight miles to Nicholasville.

The above instances show that the Durhams are not deficient as oxen, and what adds much to their value, one pair of those oxen, when laid aside as oxen, and fattened, will bring me $200, whilst a pair of Devons would not bring over half that money. It may be a fact that Devon cattle yield more tallow. But I consider it one of the greatest recommendations to Durham cattle that their tallow is mixed with their meat, and the feeder gets paid for it when he sells it, and at the present price of tallow and beef, it need make but little difference with the butcher whether it be in the beef or in the hollow of the animal.

But I consider the great advantage the Durhams have in early maturity, large size, ease with which they fatten at any age, gentle, docile disposition, and milking qualities, as giving them a combination of good qualities, unrivalled in any other cattle, and fitting them better for the wants and interests of Kentucky, than any other breed whatever.

SAMUEL D. MARTIN.

EXTRACT.

I believe I go *farther than you do* in esteeming the Devons superior to the Short-horns even for the fertile grass and corn lands of Kentucky and Ohio. But I do so esteem them, and a conversation I had some months since with an eminent grazier and cattle dealer from the Sciota valley tended strongly to confirm me in my opinions. He stated that he had had much experience with Short-horns and their crosses; that there was no doubt of their great aptitude to feed well and at an early age, and to acquire great weight; but that there their advantages stopped; that they did not bear a journey well. In fact, he found that they lost flesh, when in a drove, about in proportion as they were well-bred. A quarter bred animal would drive better than a half bred, a half bred than a three-quarter bred, and so on. Now, if the short horns do not drive well, where is their superiority for the districts mentioned? They have not a home market to consume their cattle, which must be driven. The grazier above mentioned said the difference in loss of weight was so great as forcibly to attract his attention at a time when the Short-horns were in very high favor with him. I have forgotten the exact proportionate loss that he mentioned, but it was so large a per centage as to make him very chary of starting the half-breeds in a drove. There is one point which I think the western graziers overlooked in preferring the short-horns, namely, the weight of beef that can be raised on a given quantity of land or food. The preference is given to the largest animal, the one that makes the greatest weight on the hoof. I believe the Devons will make a great deal more beef from a given quantity of food than the Short-horns, but it is true there must be a few more of them to carry it.

But to the extracts: When in Norfolk, England, I spent some time with Mr. John Bloomfield, at Wareham, who has a large farm, a part of the estate of the Earl of Leicester (Mr. Coke.) His farm is within 3 or 4 miles of Holkham, and is acknowledged to be one of the best managed of the estate.—Mr. Bloomfield is a man of great exactness of observation, soundness of judgment, and the strictest integrity. Every confidence may be placed in his statements, and his opinions are not to be lightly esteemed. Among the notes of information he gave me, made at Wareham, I find the following:—"Medium sized stock to be preferred as yielding more beef, mutton, wool, milk, &c. than either large or small stock, under similar and *ordinary circumstances*." Again: "Mr. Bloomfield's dairy of 20 cows produced an average of four pounds of butter for each cow per week during the whole year. Strict accounts were kept during several years, and the result was nearly the same in each year." Now although 4 pounds a week may not at first sight appear to be a large yield, I should like any one to try if they can find a regular farmer's dairy of an equal number of cows yielding as much.

Mr. B. frequently challenged gentlemen attending the sheep-shearings at Holkham to match it with any other breed than Devons, but he was never met. It may be well to state distinctly that the average of 4 lbs. per cow was the net produce of all the twenty cows, in profit or *out of profit*, (meaning dry cows as well as cows at the pail,) after sucking their calves for a few days, and supplying the family with cream.

Another note: "Mr. Bloomfield's butter is of the very best quality; this is attributable to a variety of causes. The cattle are of a very good breed,—Devons,—and are well taken care of, being in remarkably fine condition. I never before saw a dairy of cows in such order. Great care is taken in the management, as to milking, &c., of the cows, and the method of making the butter, contributes not a little to render it good."

Yet another note: "Sept. 1834. Mr. Hancock, a London butcher, was brought by Mr. Coke to see Mr. Bloomfield's Devons. Hancock expressed himself highly delighted with the dairy and stock. Speaking generally of Devons, he said, there are no cattle yield such good beef, except a very few of the very best Scots. He also said he took ten shillings worth more of fat out of Devons than out of any other sort (same sized animals.) Again, he said the sirloin of a Devon was longer by 5 inches, than of any other breed, (same size) and that he could cut three sirloin pieces out of a Devon, when he could only cut two from any other sort. And further, he said there is a difference between Devons and Scots: the former have less offal beef and more roasting meat than the latter, or than any breed that he has tried. He always prefers buying Devons when he can procure them. This Mr. Hancock is the butcher who was heard to say in London, by a butcher of Wells, Norfolk, that the two very best bullocks he ever hung up in his shop were of Mr. Bloomfield's feeding."

KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS—CORN—CATTLE, &c.

To the Editor of the Lexington Reporter.

A more extended as well as a more particular view of the natural growth and agricultural products and advantages of your state, leads me now to ask a small space in your journal, in explanation of some remarks which you had the goodness to publish in respect to the improved Durham or Short-horns. I am now satisfied that this is emphatically *the* state for that race of cattle. With a climate well suited, it enjoys two other great and fruitful resources—its *heavy crops of Indian Corn, and rich blue grass pastures*; the latter to be set down as invaluable in themselves and *peculiar* to the State! I have often heard of your verdant *woods* pastures of Kentucky "blue grass;" but never had formed a just conception of their beauty and luxuriance. That resource alone must forever give to Kentucky indisputable pre-eminence over all other countries or states as a *stock-growing* region! Here, the broad straight backed short-horn, whose characteristic is early maturity and propensity to fat, are in the range exactly adapted to their nature; and it is not risking much to say that with *American* maize and *Kentucky* blue grass, *ad libitum*, the imported English progenitors will soon be beaten by their native progeny. Let me repeat that while our Indian corn of itself, may be reckoned, as it has been admitted by English farmers and graziers, to give us one decided advantage over the mother country, in fattening stock, your woods every where afford a *fuller and a richer bite*, than is to be found in the parks of English noblemen. To judge of the results of these advantages, I am persuaded you have only to see as I have, some of the young stock, in your immediate neighborhood—Capt. B. Warfield's, *par excellence*—his pure heifer, *Caroline*, is an animal that an English Farmer would put aside for himself, as above all price. Hence there is no hesitation in admitting that this state is suited to this race of cattle. It is in fact a commodity, which may be said to have been manufactured for the Kentucky market; and for Kentucky alone of all the slave holding states. Some doubts are entertained, whether they will do as perfectly well in Ohio, Illinois, or Indiana; because I doubt, or rather I do not know that they have, but am under the impression that they have not, your never to be too much admired, nor too highly valued blue grass pastures.

Were the views of the Kentucky farmer and grazier, confined to the domestic markets of Lexington, Louisville, Frankfort, Georgetown, Maysville, and other towns within the State; and to barreling their beef for exportation, then it is conceded that their interest might dictate exclusive preference for the neat, beautiful, and quick-growing short horns; but have they not two other objects in view, and in consideration of their redundant resources—one to have a breed that will bear *driving to a distant market*; and the other to be prepared to supply *breeding cattle*, best adapted to the wants, the food and management of the slave holding and planting states in the South West:—Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, and the Carolinas, where she now finds a market for her horses, mules and hogs! In all of these it is now getting to be admitted that the short horns requiring an abundance of rich and succulent food, will not do. They are not adapted to the climate or the pastures of these States. In the South most of them die of disease before they become acclimated; and for their capacity to travel when fat, in confirmation of what was stated in my former communication only yesterday I heard of a large lot of fat cattle, being bought in this neighborhood, to be driven to the Philadelphia market. A considerable portion of the lot, which to the credit of the breed be it said, commanded much the highest price to the grazier, was *deep in the short horn blood.*—but mark ye! that portion of the lot being unable to proceed without *much difficulty and deterioration*, were slaughtered on the way, at Chillicothe in Ohio! Let me say then, in a word, wishing to be as brief as possible, yet never more agreeably employed than when communing with the tillers of the soil; that in my humble judgment you have in Kentucky,

First, as to HORSES, all that you need desire; except that I am strongly persuaded that a cross of the *close knit, compact Canadian stallion*, on your blooded mares might give you better hacks for the saddle, and especially better coach horses. It is to that cross that Vermont is said to owe her superior and much sought for stage horses. The experiment is at least worthy of a trial. Then as to HOGS, you have the Irish grazier for size, and the Berkshire for shape, but nothing is easier to any farmer than to manufacture a breed of hogs "to order." They propagate so rapidly that by selection of his breeders, he may soon establish desirable forms and properties at pleasure. As to SHEEP, I am not so well and exactly aware of what has been done; though the friends of agriculture know that the public is indebted to Mr. Clay for the introduction of the most approved breeds of sheep as well as of cattle; and many other things for the honor and substantial welfare of his State and his Country. Then first and last as to NEAT CATTLE. If careful in the choice of bulls, and in crossing the different families of that race, you will soon have the "*Short Horn*" in even greater perfection than they can be got in England. For that race, the breeders of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, need not look beyond Kentucky. The want of a sufficient number to meet the domestic demand, will be, it in fact now is, the only sound motive for sending abroad. But, let it be said again, you *do want* still a race of cattle, that will drive to a distant market, carrying there on the hoof, in the shape of *good* beef, the redundant blue grass and Indian corn crops for which you have no market at home; a breed that added to Mr. Clay's Herefordreds, will make your assortment complete, and enable you to supply the South Western demand for a stock of cattle suited to their very different circumstances. That race is that beautiful, active, small-boned, hardy *distinct race of North Devons*. All alike as bullets from the same mould—of deep mahogany-red color, sleek coats, handling well, good for beef, vieing in the opinion of many with the best, acre for acre, and bushel for bushel; yielding very rich milk, and moving with ease and activity under the yoke, or on the road to a distant market.

AGRICULTOR.

A MISSISSIPPI SAWYER.

On Saturday, the 9th of November, 1839, as the steamboat Alton, Captain Sellers—who, by the way, is one of the cleverest and most experienced Captains on the Mississippi—was wending her way down the Father of waters, from St. Louis to New Orleans, and when in the American Bend (vulgarly called Shirt-tail Bend), greatly to the astonishment of all on board, it was announced that a bear was just ahead of us, swimming the river. As the morning was cloudy and foggy, some were not disposed to credit the report; however, time, which proves everything, proved this to be an "old *he*." The boat now rounded to, and gave him a broadside with some small arms which were on board; but Bruin, having been "raised in the woods," was not to be scared by such squibs. He now floated under the bow to the wheel-house, where he got upon one of the paddles, and was taking a rest. By this time Capt. Jo, the mate, had manned the yawl, and was waiting for him to float astern; when, lo and behold! it was announced that his Satanic majesty was in the wheel-house! This slightly discomposed some of our nervous systems. But Bruin, seeing that the engineer was about to put the engine to work, concluded that if he remained there he would get his pate cracked—so he sloped. He however soon made his appearance. Captain Jo then put after him with three of his crew; they soon arrived alongside, and then commenced the fight—"when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Never did men behave better than on this occasion. Bruin was for getting in the yawl at once; but this was no go, as his company was not at all wanted; he however was disposed to board, whether or no; and succeeded in getting his fore legs on the bow. At this stage of the game the excitement was very great on board; and we were looking every moment for the men to leave the yawl to the peaceful possession of Bruin. Expectation now stood upon tip toe; the pilot forgot the wheel; the engineer left the engine; the firemen all flocked to the guards; the cook turned over the frying-pan; and the passengers were running and whooping like so many wild devils turned loose! The men now set to work in good faith, with sticks and bars, for it was "root hog or die." After a very severe struggle they succeeded in keeping the enemy from boarding. All on board now concluded that Bruin would get away, as he was within twenty feet of the Mississippi bank; but fortunately, one of the men had provided himself with a rope, and with the dexterity of a Spaniard he threw a noose around poor Bruin's neck, and in this way he was towed to the boat, where he was shot.

What could have induced this animal to cross the Mississippi in open day, when the sun was at its meridian, I am unable to say. But one of the passengers gravely asserts that he was crossing from Arkansas to ascertain the result of the late elections in the State of Mississippi; this, however, I do not assert as a matter of fact. The gross weight of poor Bruin was 415 lbs.

Steamboat Alton, Nov. 10, 1839. Picayune.

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high reputation which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23-tjan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House, directed to Caleb Dorsey.

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N: OLIVER, *Proprietor*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 26th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trude, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Mignot, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol. 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's Opossum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1. p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse. Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oacar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 12, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*
JAMES S. GARRISON, }

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tyl

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $300, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.

2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.

3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $1 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. -tjan]nov

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
GALVESTON, Texas - Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - - Jockey Club Annual Races, last Thursday, 26th Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Dec.
" " " Metairie Course, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " " Louisiana Course, Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Dec.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

Attempt to steer a Balloon against the wind.

PARIS, Monday, Oct. 21.—For some time past a workman named Eulriot has been making experiments to steer balloons, and he has long announced that his first essay would take place yesterday at the Champ-de-Mars. Many Parisian sceptics contended that his ascent would be confined to a monetary *vol.* and not an aerial one, but the promise to return the money in the event of the experiment not succeeding, at length excited the attention and curiosity of the public to a very great height. On approaching the Champ-de-Mars there were thousands of spectators at the exterior, but their ardour was damped at the entrance gate by the demand of twenty francs admission into the interior of the circle where the balloon was filling, and five francs for the second places. The consequence was that the civil and military force considerably preponderated, for there was a battalion of light infantry, one of the line, a squadron of municipal cavalry, two commissaries of police, besides a host of police agents and *sergens de ville*, &c. One extraordinary preparation must not be omitted in this account. It was a litter covered with a mattrass, in case M. Eulriot should tumble out on the Champ-de-Mars. Three o'clock was the hour announced for the ascent, at which period I arrived on the ground, and found a large unwieldy machine in the shape of what the Frenchmen called an immense *ovoide* lying on its sides; but I thought the description of Prince Lichnowski, who was on the ground, the most graphic. He termed it a colossal German sausage with a net thrown over it. The car was, of course, the greatest novelty, as it was the means by which the huge machine was to be navigated.

It consisted of a kind of chair or cabriolet seat, but without the wheels, in lieu of which were appended on each side sails like those of windmills. Before and behind the car or chair were two machines like ships' poops. The secret of M. Eulriot was that these flaps, paddles, or windmill sails would act against the currents. What struck me instantly as highly dangerous was the descent, as the car on touching the earth must be broken to pieces and its occupant thrown rudely out. I communicated my fears to the veteran Garnerin, who was, with his aeronautic daughter, rendering every assistance to the new aspirant for clouded honours. M. Garnerin shrugged his shoulders, and did not seem at all to admire the contrivance; but M. Eulriot was confident, and all was got ready to start. The netting was attached to the hoop in the usual manner, and at half-past four the ascending power was tested. The balloon was paraded over the heads of the spectators, M. Eulriot, without coat or hat, working hastily at the windlass. It rose, however, but a few feet, and would have touched some pailings had it not been pushed off, and M. Garnerin called out to him to throw out ballast, which he did. The balloon then rose rapidly, and as had been foreseen, in despite of the sails, took the exact direction of the pilot balloon, which had been let off previously, by Mdlle. Garnerin. Yet everything was in favour of the experiment; there was no sun, and scarcely a breath of wind; but it was evident the balloon dragged away the car, and not the car the balloon, as was expected by M. Eulriot. The strength of the mechanism was not sufficient to cope with the huge body propelled by the ascending power of the gas. Within five minutes, owing to a thick mist which prevailed, the balloon was out of sight, leaving the multitude below to descant learnedly upon the causes of the failure, and to discuss whether the mission money ought not to be reclaimed. A more generous feeling, however, obtained a sway, and that was apprehension for the safety of the infatuated aeronaut who had thus risked his life. A friend of M. Eulriot promised to send me an account of his voyage and descent, but I have not received it at the hour I write. The *Commerce* and *Galignani*, however, states that he descended without an accident at Courbevoie, a village beyond Neuilly, on the road to St. Germains. M. Garnerin had given him every instruction to let out the gas by degrees, so as to descend gently; but if there had been any wind, and the car had come with violence to the ground, nothing could have saved M. Eulriot.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

The following is a fair example of the squibs which the Tories let off against MELBOURNE, the Prime Minister:—

The Castle, Oct. 21.

DEAR SIR—Having long considered and esteemed you as one of my dearest friends, allow me to ask your advice on the subject of the following embarrassment in my domestic concerns. My wife, as you well know is much younger than myself. I need hardly observe that nothing on earth would compel me to separate from her. I have always been an indulgent husband to her, and humored her in her little whims and caprices; but, alas! my friend, you know not what I endure, from her indulgence of a certain indolent, profligate footman, of the name of Lamb, who, relying on the partiality of his lady, treats me, the master of the house, with unbearable insolence. If I rate him for his constant neglect of his duty—Oh! such a thing isn't his concern, he knows nothing about it—he'll make inquiries when he's at leisure; or, worse than this, he snaps his fingers in my face, swaggers out of the room, and slams the door without replying.

"Lamb, you rascal," said I to him one day, in a towering passion, "what d'ye thing you're hired for?"

"To wait behind missus's chair," was his reply, "when she's at dinner, and to feed missus's cat and monkey."

You will say I immediately discharged him—so I did; but for all that, though I've done it a hundred times, he *won't* leave the house. He says he shall wait till his missus discharges him. Now, whenever I enforce the necessity to my wife of sending this fellow about his business she bursts into tears, and I—I confess it, my friend, with shame—am too chicken-hearted to insist further. I've kicked and cuffed the rascal often enough for his indolence and insolence, but he takes it all in good part, and here he stays, stuffing himself, and swilling in my kitchen every day with a parcel of his pot-companions, though I give him board wages, and most extravagant ones too. The rascal never goes to church—that's his own concern; but it's mine that he should presume to usher up into the drawing-room, to pay his respects to my wife, (which he did once, though I think the horsewhipping I gave him for it will prevent his ever doing it again), his particular friend, that filthy mooncalf, Robert Owen, who goes about preaching up his godless republics, and his beastly doctrines of community of women. This fellow would make my wife as irreligious as himself, in order that he may be saved the trouble of carrying her prayer-book after her to church. For Heaven's sake, for friendship's sake, hit upon some plan, if you are able, by which I may get rid of this Lamb and all his crew, who are bringing my house to rack and ruin, and making me a by-word of scorn to all the world. Your afflicted friend, JOHN BULL.

P.S.—My chimney was on fire the other day, and he wouldn't even go and fetch an engine.

A COMPOSER'S ADVICE TO A RISING SINGER.

M. Masset, a young tenor, made his *début* some days ago at the Opera Comique at Paris. After stating that it was a most successful one, and that the *debutant's* voice is one of the finest and most extensive Paris can boast of, M. Berlioz bestows on him the following advice, after the fashion of that which Don Quixote gave Sancho when the worthy squire was about to take possession of the government of Barataria:

"Masset, you have now made your way. In some weeks you will be celebrated. Your voice will soon be polished, and your talent finished; you will have abundant applause, and endless emoluments. Authors will court you, managers will no longer make you wait in their anti-chambers, and if you write to them they will answer you. Women unknown to you, and whom you never will know, will speak of you as of a *protégé* or *intimate friend*. Books in prose and verse will be dedicated to you. Instead of five francs you will be obliged to give your doorkeeper a hundred on New Year's Day. You will be exempted from doing your duty in the National Guard. You will get leave of absence now and then and cities will then quarrel for your performances. Your feet will be covered with flowers and sonnets. You will sing in the Prefect's drawing-rooms, and the Mayor's wife will send you apricots. In short you are on the threshold of Olympus; for, if the Italians call the cantatric *dive* (goddesses,) it is clear enough that great male singers are gods. Well, then, since you are a god, be a good devil, nevertheless, and do not too much despise folks that may give you wholesome advice.

"Remember that a voice is a fragile instrument, which declines or breaks down in an instant, often without any known cause; remember that such an accident suffices to precipitate the greatest of gods from the highest throne, to reduce him to the condition of a man, and sometimes to something ess.

"Be not too harsh with the poor composers.

"When from the height of your elegant cabriolet you preceive in the street Meyerbeer, Spontini, Halery, or Auber on foot, do not salute them with a little nod of patronage, at which they would laugh in pity. Forget not that many of their works will be admired and full of life when the recollection of your highest note has vanished for ever.

"If you take a trip to Italy, do not get enthusiastic about some second-rate weaver of cavatinas; do not, when you return, pronounce him a classic composer, and tell us with an impartial look that Beethoven had also *some talent*; for there is no god that can escape ridicule.

"When you accept new parts, do not permit yourself to change anything in them at the representation without the author's consent. You know that a single note added, retrenched, or transposed, may flatten a melody and change its expression. Besides, it is a right which can in no case be yours. To modify the music one sings, or the book one translates, without saying one word about it to him who wrote it only after a vast deal of reflection, is an outrageous breach of good faith. People who borrow *without warning* are called thieves, faithless interpreters are calumniators and assassins.

"If peradventure you have a rival whose voice has more vigour than yours, don't, in a duet, play at lungs with him, for rest assured that we must not struggle against the iron pot, even when we happen to be a china vase. In your provincial tours beware, when you speak of the Opera Comique, and its choral and instrumental company, to say *my theatre, my choruses, my orchestra*. The provincial folks do not like more than the Parisians, to be taken for silly people; they know full well that you belong to the theatre and that the theatre does not belong to you, and they would think your conceited language perfectly grotesque.

"And now, friend Sancho, receive my blessing; go and govern Barataria; it is a rather low island, but the most fertile one, perhaps, in *terra firma*. Thy people are but indifferently civilized; encourage public instruction; may, in two years hence, they who know how to read no longer be distrusted as detestable sorcerers; don't be deceived by the praise of such as may sit down to thy table; forget thy confounded proverbs; when in public thrust no more thy hands in thy pockets like a muleteer; never fail to thy word; let they who may trust their interests to thee be assured that thou wilt not betray them, and may thy voice be in tune for everybody."

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

BY BILLY DOW, ROANOKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

The following marriage ceremony will probably afford amusement to some of the readers of the Weekly Messenger It is sufficient to say, that *by it* a "black-folk colored-gemman," and a "black-folk colored lady," were *actually* wedded; and, perhaps, the fact that it is *fresh* from "Old Virginny," will clothe it with additional interest. A SUBSCRIBER.

"I is de nigger advocate in gineral for matrimony. De black-folk colored-gemmen dey will stand to de right; de black-folk colored-ladies dey will stand to de left; de white folk gemman and ladies dey will stand where dey are. Here stands my young masters and my young mistresses, and de company ginerally; and I 'spose dey all 'spec great tings from dis old nig, but I fear'd dey all will be 'ceived.—Howsomever, I shall not promise you no great foundation to build on. I shall try to endeever to put dese two couple togedder in de fear of God; and 'deevering so to do, my frens, you must try to 'dure wid one 'noder in de wuck where lies afore, for I tell you dere is wuck afore you. De wuck where lies afore you is pass de spectation of dis nigger, but I tell you dere is wuck.

"Mr. Robert, does you lub dat gal where you holds by de hand?"

"Yas, I does."

(The girl smiles,)—"Look at dat nigger eye now: see how it shine—see how ceptious she look. De saucy ob dat gal is easy diskivered."

"Mr. Robert, does you lub dat gal where you holds by de hand?"

"Yas, I does."

"Well, from all dat I has hearn, and all I has diskivered, dere is no doubt but dat you does lub her, and I need'ut hab axed de question. I are in hopes, derefore, dat God'll bless dese two couple in de wuck where lies 'fore em; for I tell you, my frens, you hab wuck to do. If any body has any 'jections why dese two couple shall not be put togeder, let dem now speak, or forever arter hold deir tongue.

"Mr. Robert, salute your bride. (The company commence congratulating.) I wish de company be composed. Let us 'ceive de benediction.

"Now may de saving grace ob Almighty God rest wid you and each ob us, now, henceforth and for ebber, Amen.—(The company commence congratulating.) I wish de company be composed. I am 'quested by de landlady to 'vite de company ginerally to supper. Dem where was 'vited, dey must come and eat fuss, and, if dem where was 'vited lef any ting, dem where wan't 'vited dey kin cum and eat dat wat dem was 'vited lef." Alexander's Messenger.

"I'll hug it—yea, I'll glut on't!" as the loafer said when he *lifted* a leg of mutton in Fulton Market. Frank.

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 15th March. Three or more to make a race. For Spring of 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Now 10 subs. To close 1st day of January, 1840.

Produce Stake for 1843, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 12 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840. To be run in the Spring.

The Races will take place over this course on the 4th Tuesday in April next.

There will be a Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. Subscribers' names to be sent in by the 1st of March. To be run at the next Spring Meeting.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 3, 1839.—[dec7-3t]

SHIPMENT OF BLOOD STOCK FROM ENGLAND.

MESSRS. LEWIS SHIRLEY & JOHN BIRCH have shipped from Liverpool on board the ship "John Bolton," for New Orleans, intended to be taken to Kentucky, the following superior blood stock, viz.:

The stallion *Valparaiso*, by Velocipede, late the property of His Grace, the Duke of Leeds.

Brood mare *Britannia*, by Jack Spigott, in foal to Memnon Jr.

Also a remarkably fine yearling filly out of the above mare by Memnon Jr.

A roan pure bred short horn Durham Bull, *Pretender*, 3 yrs old, and a fine Heifer, *Lily of the Tees*, 3 yrs. old, possessing the most valuable blood, and remarkably well shaped.

Also a well selected assortment of Berkshire Pigs.

Liverpool, 22d October, 1839.—[dec7-1t*]

SWEEPSTAKES, CROSS KEYS COURSE, Va.

SWEEPSTAKES for Spring, 1840. To come off first day of the Meeting.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course. with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $200 each, h. ft., out of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

Sampson C. Reese.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1840.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, to come off the last day of the Spring Meeting, with colts and fillies then 2 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st day of March, 1840; three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1841.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., the produce of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

1. James Talley names produce of his Timoleon b. f. and Imp. Priam.
2. Sampson C. Reese names bl. c. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1842.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, to run the first day of the meeting; sub. $200 each, $50 ft., from mares that never produced a winner. To close the 1st day of Jan., 1840.

1. John Ivy names ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.
2. N. T. Williams names produce of an Alexander mare and Cymon.
3. Thos. Payne names ch. f. by Philip, out of Wm. B. Goodwyn's Peggy by Imp. Luzborough
4. Saml. J. Douglass names ch. f. by Cymon, out of Equina.
5. G. A. W. Newsom names ch. c. by Cymon, out of Sally Cobb.
6. S. C. Reese names b. f by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.
7. James Talley names b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian.
8. E. B. Claud names ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Echo by Eclipse.
9. W. H. E. Merritt & Bro. names br. c by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Trapes.
10. Also, ch. f. by Imp Priam, out of Press.
11. Jno. S. Corbin names br f. by Imp. Priam. out of Arietta by Virginian.
12. Also, produce of a Shylock mare.

The races over the Cross Keys Course will commence on Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1840. Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount. Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, Four mile heats. SAMPSON C. REESE, *Proprietor.*

P.S. Any entries made to any of the above stakes, will address Sampson C. Reese, Boykins Depot, Southampton Co., Va.

Cross Keys, Va., Nov. 25, 1839 —[dec 7-4t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

"A little more strength in your tea, and not quite so much in your but," ter as the lady-boarder said to her landlady.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

MOBILE THEATRE.

THE undersigned are building a Theatre in Mobile, which will be ready to open on Christmas eve. It will be more eligibly situated than their late one, and of greater dimensions. It will accommodate *twelve hundred persons*. Professional ladies and gentlemen will please address the firm at Mobile.

[nov30-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER.

THE 12th No. of this work will be published in a few days, from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, November 30, 1839.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

c]oi:5]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.

1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M. R. Smith names ch c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams.	P. E. Duncan.	Thomas B. Osborn.	William Eddins.
Myers & Henderson.	Hazel Smith.	M. R. Smith.	John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith. | P. E. Duncan. | John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz..

1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford.
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:

1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
6. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
7. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
5. William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART, *Sec'y.*

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewe..

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $200 each $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race To name and close by 4th of Jan , 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23,8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 5th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*
Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jos. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. 2 Sept

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N" of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V., by An Amateur; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; American Racing Calendar; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen. Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, | R. K. Polk, | Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, | Samuel Ragland, | E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, | Nicholas Davis, | George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk, | Jesse Cage, | G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, | Lucius J. Polk, | Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, | William H. Polk, by } | E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, | Lucius J. Polk, } | James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, | R. K. Polk, | Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham, | Henry Dickinson, | George Elliott,
Saml. Ragland, | Alex. Barrow, | Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.
Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tenson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.: three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN. Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry. | Jesse Cage. | George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take piece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however, distant, meet the same attention as personal application,

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the ut

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 7—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S Benefit; MAN AND WIFE; Helen, Mrs. Fitzwilliam—Comic Song, "Tee-total Society," Mr. Chapman—Overture to "Aux Pres des Cleres," by the Band—Last time, the Monopologue of WIDOW WIGGINS, in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam will sustain six different characters!—The glee of "Mynheer Van Dunk"—Dance, by Madame Arraline—To conclude with the DANCING BARBER.

MONDAY, Dec. 9—First night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S Re-engagement; THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER; Widow Cheerly, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, with songs, and other entertainments.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10—Second and last night but two of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S re-engagement; THE COUNTRY GIRL and MISCHIEF MAKING.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11—Third and last night but one of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S re-engagement.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Last night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S re-engagement.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S Benefit; AS YOU LIKE IT; Rosalind, Mrs. Fitzwilliam—and other entertainments.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MR. MITCHELL, of the late National Theatre, would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken a lease of the above establishment, which will be opened on MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 9, 1839, when will be produced, for the first time in this country, a drama called HIS FIRST CHAMPAIGNE; Richard Watt, Mr. Browne; Horatio Craven, A. M., Horncastle; Glump, Mitchell; Miss Bygrove, Mrs. Plumer; Mary Grubb, Miss Randolph.

After which, the burletta of NO! Andrew, Mitchell; Maria, with songs, Mrs. Bailey; Frederick, with songs, Mr. Horncastle.

To conclude with HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS; Lord Duke, Mr. Browne; Sir Harry, Mr. Mitchell; Lovell, Mr. Horncastle; Mrs. Kitty, Miss Randolph; Lady Charlotte, Mrs. Jones.

Boxes, 50—Pit, 25 cents. Private Boxes, $5. Doors open at half past six o'clock, and the performances will commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

*** A full and efficient police is engaged, and the strictest order and decorum will be preserved.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The reader must not deem us extravagant if we tell him that the greatest hit we ever knew to be made, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM made on Thursday evening last, in "Foreign Airs and Native Graces." It is a very curious affair, written for her by MONCRIEFF. It would afford no satisfaction to describe it; the reader must see, or rather, *he must hear*, it. Mrs. F. personates therein four different characters—all good, one very great, viz, *Mademoiselle Zephrine Entrechat*—but one greater still—*Signora Solfadoremi*—that is the best thing we ever heard at the Park The vocal powers of this lady are extraordinary; to an American audience, her imitations of distinguished Italian vocalists can have no merit as pictures of the individual originals, but as presentments of a class of singers, they may be appreciated. And as such were her efforts on Thursday applauded, and applauded to the echo. Every one was crying with laughter, interrupted only by the surprise and admiration which her cleverness and unlooked-for powers of voice excited. The applause did not cease with the falling of the curtain; Mrs Fitzwilliam was called out, and greeted with tremendous cheers, and the announcement of the play for repetition by Mr. SHAW was the signal for a further outburst, Literally, we have never seen a house in better humor.

This extravaganza does not depend upon a single individual for its interest; Mrs. CRESWICK, CHIPPENDALE, SHAW and CHAPMAN, each have characters, and good ones, but play them ever so well, they are in themselves subordinate, or Mrs. F.'s clever performance would make them so. In *Mdlle. Entrechat* she has a hit at Taglioni—it put the house in an instant roar, and those who had seen the original roared the loudest. The lady was as pleased as her audience, and laughed and played with them.

The next thing to a good opera is to see an opera burlesqued. In this play many wondrous gems of music—"*Di tanti palpiti*," "*Di piacer*," "*Una voce poco fa*," and others, "too numerous to mention," are hit off capitally. It is precisely the kind of entertainment which should succeed an opera as an afterpiece, if there be no ballet, though we may hardly expect to have them united this season.

One word as to the houses. They have been improving since Tuesday, when the night was inclement. If the engagement could be continued through next week, they would go on improving, if "Foreign Airs" were played each night. Mrs. Fitzwilliam is supported as never before has been a lady upon the Park stage. The strength of the company lies in comedy—in that it is incomparably the best ever known here; it results from this, and from the cleverness of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, that a single star is able to draw remunerating houses, in times when such houses surprise even the managers. Something ought to have been said of the comedy of "Man and Wife," which pleased us "mainly," as played on Tuesday evening, but the last affair has driven it quite from our memory. If Mrs. F. does close her engagement to-night, she must immediately return, for beyond a doubt she is the strongest card in the manager's hand.

Since writing the above, the play-bill for next week has come in. From it, we learn with pleasure that Mrs. Fitzwilliam will play all next week. Her benefit to-night must be of the right sort—let the house be full.

The Metropolitan Theatre.—There is no belief at present that this theatre will be built. The times are too hard, and not even the enthusiasm of WALLACK'S friends can bear up against them The happy moment being thus unfortunately lost, it is doubtful if the project ever can be resuscitated. This is to be regretted on two accounts—first, for the sake of Mr. Wallack, who is interrupted in a career which promised wealth and honour; and secondly, it may take away from the other house, the spur of competition. This latter effect is seriously of great account, and the press must supply that incitement which is the wholesome result of powerful rivalry.

The Olympic.—MR. MITCHELL late Stage Manager of the National, has hired this house, which he will endeavour to conduct as nearly as possible upon the "Wyche street" plan. Mrs. BAILEY and Mrs. PLUMER; BROWN, WILLIAMS, HORNCASTLE, and others, will aid the Manager with their powers of attraction, and light comedy and burlettas are likely to be extremely well played. The plan is to have nothing but stars throughout the season. May success wait upon the enterprise!

The Vocalists.—We hear but little of the Park corps in Baltimore. They opened there on Monday last in "La Gazza Ladra." The "Clipper"—the best theatrical paper at present in that city—comments upon the performances, and writes much as this paper has often written. It is of course all right. Our ears are on the alert for "Fidelio," so soon as the Washington magnates will allow the company to return.

Stage Casualties.—There have been several deaths and accidents in the profession recently; we can but name them. D. D. MCKINNEY and JOHN J. ADAMS, both well known here, are recently deceased; Mr. STIMSON, the leader of the supernumeraries in Boston has just been instantaneously killed by the fall of the weight by which the drop curtain is rolled; Mr. GANN was recently much injured by the accidental discharge of a gun at the Park (he is playing again however); Mr. JOHNSON received a severe fall the other day at the Chesnut Street, playing with VANDENHOFF, and Mr. HENRY KNIGHT the brother-in law of Mr. Povey, was so injured by a railroad car, that he has had to suffer the amputation of one leg. Enough of details so sad.

Mr. RANGER plays an engagement at the Park in two or three weeks, during which will be produced a new play written by him.

KEAN opened at Providence on Monday—business is good there—the members of the late National Company who are there have been well received—the "Herald" of that city seriously thinks Mr. Kean's selection of *Hamlet* in which to open, was unfortunate, as HAMBLIN had played it there before him!!—the business at the Chesnut street has been represented as bad, *very* —— Miss SHERRIFF and WILSON have been giving concerts at Baltimore—they do the same next week at Washington—the SEGUINS with RUSSELL do likewise here next week at Niblo's—Yankee HILL is at Bosting, now playing, now singing (to suit all round)—Miss REYNOLDS is with him; she is soon to play here, and is clever and pretty, they say—GEO. JONES has offered a reward of 500 dollars for the detection of an individual who insulted his theatre—BURTON has been doing very well in Charleston with ABBOTT—see LUDLOW and SMITH'S advertisement, which would have been named last week, but that we heard the city authorities had stopped the building of their new theatre—SCOTT and THORNE have divided their company, the former going to Vicksburg, and the latter remaining at Cincinnati, where he has got up opera with Miss PETRIE, and SINCLAIR—DAN MARBLE was last heard of at Louisville—and this completes all the *native* on dits for which room is left this week

English Theatricals.

The most important incident which the "Liverpool" brings us, is the successful production of KNOWLES' new play, at Covent Garden. We have devoted columns to it. The press is unanimous in favour of it. Drury Lane is doing a miserable business; the "Poor Gentleman," the "Hypocrite," the "Englishman in India," and "Pizarro," have been played to poor houses—there have been three musical *debuts*, of which more anon. BUNN is doing a fair business at the St. James, and VESTRIS a still better at Covent Garden. BULWER'S new play drew but thin houses after the first night, though POWER played in the farce. MORLEY played Capt. Dorrington at Drury Lane in the "Englishman in India," Wagers were pending as to the comparative run of the new plays, "Love," and the "Sea Captain," at the two houses, and "Love" was likely to carry it. A new farce called "Don't be frightened," by Young MORTON, has succeeded—it is broad and laughable. And this again must suffice for our foreign on dits, as all the space we can find, we choose to devote to the new play.

JIM CROW has gone upon a starring tour through the provinces.

MR. KNOWLES'S NEW PLAY.

A new play, in five acts, by the author of "Virginius" and the "Hunchback," was produced at Covent Garden theatre on Monday night, the 11th of November. Its vague title "Love," might have belonged to any play since Fletcher's time; its poetry and passion proclaimed themselves the work of Mr. Knowles alone. In justice to so fine a writer, we will speak of the play as a published work, and afterwards advert to its representation in the theatre.

It is one of Mr. Knowles's best efforts. It wants variety of character, but has the other requisites of a first-rate play. As an entire composition, he has written nothing to compare with it since the "Hunchback," and as in the case of the "Hunchback," has thrown its chief power into the delineation of a woman's nature. Always a confident adventurer in that limitless territory, he has here won out of it for the stage another rich domain.

The plot is simple as the interest. Both turn on the secret passion of a high-born *Countess* for her father's *Serf*, on the sufferings which this entails upon her pride, and on the final triumph and self-vindication of the passion. There is vigor and freshness in the language, courage and truth in the conception, and all that is said or done *strike home*. We turn from dukes and princes, countesses and serfs, and look into our own hearts. The argument is there. It has no relation to rank or state, is unaffected by place or time, concerns equally the low and the high. For its real business is to vindicate the sacred claims of humanity; to assert and to explain the sympathies which unite all ranks; and to shed through the selfish discords, and the false inequalities of life, the harmony of a common and most benificent nature.

The serf, *Huon*, is reading to the Countess, where we see them first. The favorite among her father's serfs, he has been educated in the liberal arts, has more than justified his superior training, and having already discharged the duties of instructor to the Countess, is now her secretary. It is needless to say that he loves her. Their first brief interchange of words is the unconscious disclosure of deep but suppressed passion on the part of both. With the Countess it vents itself in fitful scorn—with Huon, in a patient earnestness. As he vindicates the moral of the book he reads, though it exalts the common rights of all men, she warns him to remember what he is, and to *see her station*.

HUON. I cannot, for the fair
O'ertopping height before.
COUNTESS. What height?
HUON. Thyself!
That towerest 'bove thy station!—Pardon me!
O! wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself!
Wouldst thou be honored for thyself, or that?
Rank that excels its wearer, doth degrade.
Riches impoverish, that divide respect.
O! to be cherished for oneself alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high Heaven endow'd us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings, from their thrones cast down,
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves and not their stations, when some knee,
That hardly bowed to them in plenitude,
Has kiss'd the dust before them, stripped of all.

With equal beauty of language and a matchless delicacy of thought, the scene is carried to its close. The affected scorn of the Countess is forced into louder and louder heights, but only to surmount her swelling love; and when the falconer enters with her hawk, and she, rushing in relief from the humbled serf to pour out admiration of the bird, unwittingly employs in its praise the very argument she has condemned in Huon,—we feel indeed the woman's heart touched by the master hand.

Suspicions of the low-placed love of this haughty woman have meanwhile been awakened in the breast of a visitor at her father's court; these are more than confirmed by the ill-governed fears of the Countess, when, at a hawking excursion in the second act of the play, the life of the serf is endangered by a sudden and terrific storm; afterward, the danger gone, her poor and unavailing assumptions of holiday indifference make more apparent the agonised sincerity of the first self-betrayal; and suspicions yield to certainty.

The Duke, her father, is told all. Struck with rage and wonder he resolves to slay the serf, and so end all. His more cautious counsellor bids him beware, lest he so confirm all.

Beware, sir, of a tragedy
So deep! *Her scorn may melt at it, and help*
Her tears to keep them flowing on, until
She weeps her life away

Exile is the next thought of the Duke. But he is then reminded that love might in that case take the Countess into exile, too, and the philosophy of that seeming scorn by which he has been so long blinded to the truth is suddenly made manifest to him. That scorn, it is subtly said, is only "*for the scorn* which *others' eyes* behold his station with." Were their regards removed, and her own rank utterly unknown, then would the embraces of the exiled Huon be worth more than all the world to her.

A middle course is recommended. It is thought that the most likely cure of the Countess's passion will be worked by the instant marriage of *Huon* to another, since in such an event, sudden and unexpected by her, resentment may be apt to blunt the edge of disappointed love. A bride is then at once selected for Huon, in the person of Catherine, an emancipated serf and the humble friend of the Countess. The unhappy secretary is summoned into the presence of the Duke.

In a striking scene he is told his lord's determination, and a paper of assent to it is quietly prepared for him to sign. Resolute refusal follows the first burst of passionate agony. The Duke deliberately draws his sword and gives Huon the choice of death. At this moment the Countess enters unperceived. Huon takes the point of his master's sword, and placing it next his heart, implores him to press it home at once, "the more the kinder." But the Duke will not, seeing death wished for, not avoided; and offers instead "an hour, for calm reflection." If not well used, he threatens him then with the hard lesson that even slavery has its degrees. Their felons, he tells him, throng the galleys; but yet it will not be difficult to find an oar and bench for him.

HUON. My lord, come back!
My lord! What now my mind, be sure 'twill be
At the end of the hour! of the day! of my life!—My lord!
He does not hear, or will not. *Most sweet cause*
Of most insufferable misery
Wouldst thou not weep at this? Couldst thou look on,
And keep pride sitting in thy woman's eye—
The proper throne of pity—which for me,
The melting queen has yet refused to fill,
But to a stern usurper all abandoned!
Wouldst thou not weep? Or would my name alone—
My sole condition set 'gainst myself;
The vivid thoughts, the feelings sensitive,
The quick affections, passions of a man,
Despite his misery of birthright; flesh,
Warm, warm; of as high vitality as tho'
His lot had been an heirdom to a throne—
Would that, prevailing 'gainst such odds as these,
Prevent thee? Yes! *Thou wouldst not weep for me.*
O! knew I what would make thee! Would my corpse?
Then to thy father! own my passion for thee,
Tell him his serf aspires to love his daughter,
Boasts of it, tho' he sends him to the galleys,
Will glory in it, chain'd beside the felon,
Aye, with the tasker's whip whirling above him,
Reiterate it, when he threatens me,
And when again he threatens, justify it,
On the broad rights of common human nature,
Till with his own hand he transfixes me!

[*Following the* DUKE.

COUNTESS (*interposing*). Stop, Huon!—What's the matter?
HUON. Huon—Huon!
Didst thou say Huon—and with gentleness?
Madam—my mistress—I am your slave! I am nothing
But the poor serf!

The *Countess* demands to be told what she has only partially seen and heard. *Huon* gives into her hand the paper he has refused to sign. The contending passions with which she reads it are marked by an affecting speech from *Huon*. At length—

COUNTESS (*after a violent struggle, giving way*) *Huon, I die!*
HUON. Heavens!—Mercy!
COUNTESS (*bursting into tears*). It is over.
Do not speak to me! Let my tears flow on!
HUON. Flow they for me?
COUNTESS. I told you not to speak.
HUON. Sweet Heaven! your voice is tears;
Your looks are tears; your air, your motions, all
Are tears! floods! floods! to those that course your cheeks,
And fall more bright than diamonds on the hands
Which now I clasp to thee in supplication,
That thou wilt deign this once vouchsafe me audience,
To give my fatal passion vent before thee—
For years pent up within my wretched breast—
And then I'm mute for ever!
COUNTESS. Huon, peace—
I know thou lov'st me.
HUON. Thou know'st it, dost thou?
And say'st!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference
For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tithe of thee, yet dares
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee!—yes, wish,
Altho' he knows thee out of reach of him,
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun! The poor despised serf,
Despised of himself—of thee—of every one—
Thou see's he lov'st thee, and thou deign'st to say it!
Say it with pity—with most tender pity!
Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
To stay there!—*Let him die there!* Let him die
At thy feet! [*Falls at her feet.*

We think this writing of the first rate order. It is what it describes. We listen to the speakers, our pulses beat faster, and our faces flush with theirs.

Adjuring him by his love for her, the Countess exacts from Huon his signature to the paper and assent to the marriage. The priest already waits in the chapel, and the bride has been summoned and is waiting too. The Duke, disabled by sudden illness, is forced to his chamber, and the nuptials are ordered to be celebrated in the strictest secresy. The bride and her bridesmaid, thoroughly veiled, meet Huon. He marries Katherine, and, mad with resentment at what he deems the unworthy tyranny of the Countess, hurries from the castle as soon as the ceremony is over. But he has hurried from the tyranny of love, not pride. It is Katherine indeed whom he has married—but Katherine the Countess, not Katherine the Serf. The act falls on the death of the old Duke and on the despair of the Countess at the flight of Huon.

In this marriage the lofty and manly moral of the play receives, as we think, its consummation. Its celebration is yet kept doubtful, however, for the purposes of the interest, which continues to be reserved and even deepened through the fourth act by consummate art and beauty. We shall not trouble the reader with much more detail, there are yet some passages in the dialogue of surpassing strength and sweetness, which we cannot resist the temptation of placing before him.

An interval elapses between the third and fourth acts, in which Huon, having entered the service of the Austrian Empress, achieves the highest honors of chivalry, the greatest favors of his mistress, and a most brilliant fame. With these he revisits the castle of the Countess, as one of the Empress's suite. Seclusion, hopelessness, much sorrow, have effectually humbled her. Her only secret source of support or pride is that which, when she submitted to it, was her deepest shame. In this the philosophy of the play, and the profound truth involved in the secret marriage, are again made apparent. She seeks an interview with Huon.

The interview is quite equal to that of Julia and Clifford in the "Hunchback." Ignorant of the truth, Huon sees a bar to the further indulgence of his passion, which the Countess, wildly misrepresenting all, attributes to some new and secret love between him and the Empress.

Madness and worse reproaches follow. She taunts him with the baseness of his birth, with even broken oaths to herself.

COUNTESS. Yes, oaths!
Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense,
That I have seen their very color change,
Subliming into lines past earthliness,
Talk of the adjuration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any lip
May pipe! a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath!
What were thy accents then! thy accents, Huon!
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, 'twas conn'd by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!

It is needless to pursue the story to its happy close. The fifth act is weak, but not insufficient. The underplot is naught, and therefore nothing have we to say of it.

For the acting at Covent Garden theatre only a few words must suffice. It was altogether so much below the rank of the play that it would be the grossest injustice to mix the two things together. We did not hear half of what Miss Tree said during the whole performance, and we could wish to have heard only the half of what Mr. Anderson said. Passages of skill and cleverness there were no doubt in both personations, and these we may take another opportunity of noting, but altogether they were quite unworthy. We would rather say nothing at all, now or at any other time, of the level recitation of Mr. Diddear and Mr. James Vining, or of the dignity and passion of Mrs. Brougham. Madame Vestris herself, in the serf Katherine, was perhaps lively enough.

Unequivocal praise is due to the "mounting" of the play. This was in all respects complete and admirable—if we except the groupings of the last scene. The scenery was exquisite.

It should be added that the "Examiner" evinces no fondness for Covent Garden under its new management. The other papers are much warmer in their praises of the actors,—especially of Miss TREE. The "Post" gives the conclusion of the evening's entertainments in the following words.

It is impossible for us to speak in too high terms of the getting-up of this play. The scenery was superb, elegant, tasteful, rich, and expensive in the extreme, as regarded its interiors, its pageantry, and its gorgeous appointments and costume; and, in the wild storm scene, grand in a wilder sense. The lowering sky, the distant thunder, the vivid and appalling lightning, the blasting of the forest tree, and the striking of man and branches to the earth, were managed with electric rapidity and splendid scenic effect, preserving so much grandeur of impression as not at all to trench upon the bathos of melodrama. At the close of the play KNOWLES was for several minutes loudly called for. He did not come; but Bartley appearing for him, was permitted to speak. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I do assure you that I have sent in all directions for Mr. Sheridan Knowles, but he is not in the house." Upon a slight manifestation of disappointment, Mr. Bartley added, "Upon my honor, ladies and gentlemen, he is not in the theatre." Great applause followed, and Ellen Tree was shouted for. When she appeared all the house congratulated her, and the pit was one black forest of waving hats. Anderson next led on Vestris who was much applauded, and the curtain fell amid these demonstrations of success.